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VOGUE



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WHAT'S COMING HERE

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DAY CLOTHES WITH
A GREAT SENSE OF TIMING

THE POWER MEN HAVE
OVER WOMEN
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THE BOUTIQUE IDEA
IN AMERICA...
PARIS... ITALY... SPAIN

BEAUTY NOTES
FROM ALL OVER

ADVANCED EDITION



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Now don't misunderstand, mother has good taste.
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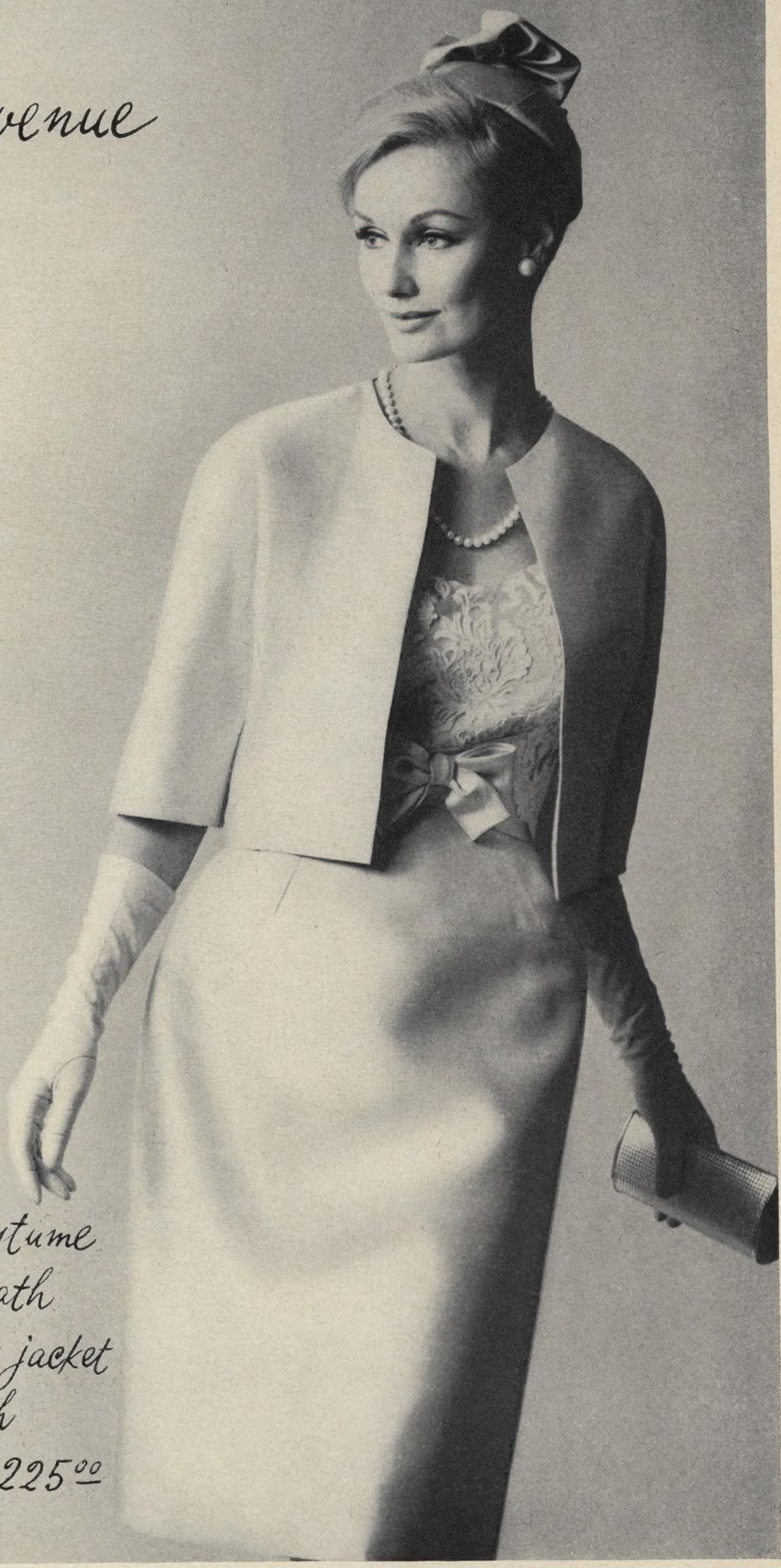


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MARCH 15, 1964

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I. S. V.-PATCEVITCH, President
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BERT STERN

COVER: Opening the era of the ravishingly pretty woman in America: Galanos' delicious brown-and-beige crocodile print in silk chiffon—shaped gently to the body in front with long, billowy sleeves; deep blousing in back. Worn with his layers-of-organdie hat. The perfect lipstick for brown—World's Fairest Peach, a warm honeyed colour with a touch of pink. From Helena Rubinstein's "Pink Tulip" beauty ideas. Hat and dress: at Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Earrings by Mimi di N.

FASHION

77 Vogue's eye view: Paris excitement coming here
78 Paris: the return of coquetry in the spring collections: Chanel's suits; stormy-weather looks; the white dress; new suit looks; night looks
100 American evenings and the separates idea
104 American style: linen and linen looks with a great sense of timing
112 Vogue Patterns: this spring's jersey
114 In America: the Spanish idea for day and late-day
122 The boutique idea in America: printed gloves; the enamel jungle; where the sparkle is
130 Paris: the boutique idea at Givenchy
134 Italy: more boutique ideas
140 Spain: the boutiques of Madrid
146 The power of men over women; the new fascination of at-home clothes

FEATURES/ARTICLES/PEOPLE

24 New Good Moves for Travellers
96 Barbara Loden in "After the Fall"
97 People Are Talking About . . .
99 George Segal, New Realist of the Unreal
115 First Love, "Heavily Loaded with Moonlight." By Laurie Lee
144 The Power Men Have Over Women. By Marya Mannes

FASHIONS IN LIVING

156 Marchese Emilio Pucci di Barsento
157 Pucci the Magnificent: His Life, His Palazzo. By Valentine Lawford
164 Vogue's Own Menu: First Spring Dinner for Six

BEAUTY

68 Beauty Checkout
118 Beauty Bulletin: coiffure and make-up notes from all over

DEPARTMENTS

46 Vogue's Notebook
64 Movies. By Paul Breslow
66 Theatre. By Henry Popkin
70 Books. By Jean Stafford
173 Vogue's School and Camp Directory
174 Vogue's Shop Hound

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Did you drive onto the set while they were shooting in Warner's back lot? [You swore you would.] Did you christen a tug in New York harbor? Did you ever see the lights of Salt Lake City from 30,000 feet straight up?

We've been wondering. Because we don't see you on our airplanes as often as we expected to.

It can't be the expense. New York to San Francisco and back [for example] on one of our Astrojets is only $290.20, plus tax.

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Here you could swap oceans with someone tomorrow but instead, you have a lunch with Dolores and an appointment with your hairdresser.

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Where in the world is everybody going?

To New York
and the New York World's Fair,
of course.



They're heading for New York and the World's Fair, of course. For surely this is the place to be and see this Spring and Summer... one of the most exciting events in the most exciting city in the world, starting April 22. What a happy conjunction... to enjoy the delights of an international fair and the delights of New York during the same vacation.



They're stopping at New York to see the Fair, then going on to all corners of the world. And wherever in the world they go, they enjoy going by Pan American Jet Clipper®, mere hours away from the capitals of the world, whether your destination (or starting point) is Paris, France, or Sydney, Australia.



They're traveling by car to New York, or renting a car in New York. For what better way to see all there is to see? The cars they drive, of course, are shining new Fords from National Car Rental, available in over 1000 locations around the world. Where are they staying, en route and in the city? At Holiday Inns that have every comfort a vacation deserves . . . from air-conditioning to swimming pools.



They're going to Macy's Herald Square ...to see and shop in the World's Largest Store, of course. And their first stop will be Macy's special Exhibit Center. For here you can study the largest official walk-around model of the 646-acre World's Fair, and pre-plan your own trip to save yourself time and footsteps when you get there.



What will they be wearing? The marvellously smart, packable, travel-able fashions that New Yorkers themselves wear, of course... and that you can see and study in the 6 pages that follow... in their natural habitat, New York.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

Where in the world is everybody going? To the World's Fair in New York, of course. For there's no more wonderful place to be during the spring or summer of 1964. A vast 646-acre world of enchantment, you can spend a crowded weekend, an enjoyable week or a busy summer exploring its pleasures, studying its fascinating exhibits.



At the Guggenheim Museum, Ruth Walter's 2-piece print that packs away in a sliver of space, weighs next to nothing, and washes and dries like a pair of stockings. Texturized nylon knit in aqua or beige print; sizes 8 to 16, 22.98.

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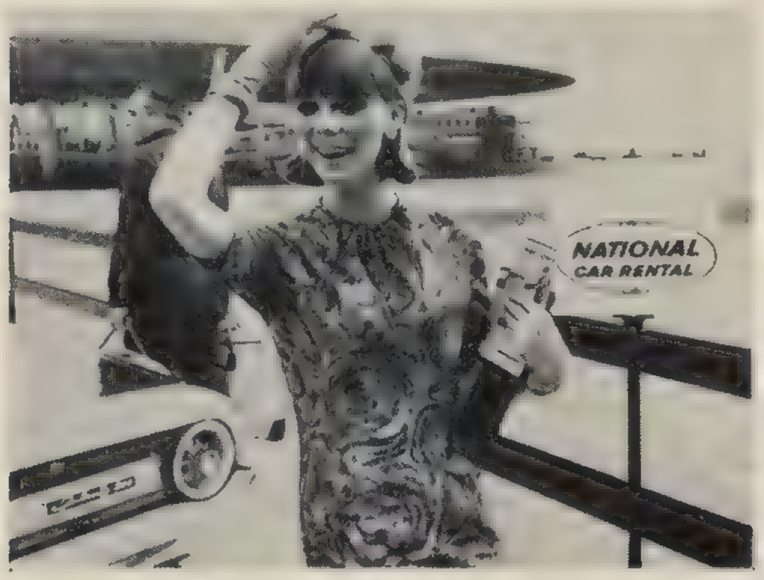


The world is all yours to see and enjoy when you let Pan Am help you plan your travels.

Wherever in the world you go, Pan Am, the world's most experienced airline, will take you there. Whether you're coming to the N. Y. World's Fair from as far away as Australia... or going from the Fair to Europe or around the world, you'll get there quickly and pleasantly when you fly a Pan Am Jet Clipper.®



Spring time is zoo time... and what nicer place to amble and catch a bit of sunshine than among the birds and beasts in New York's Central Park Zoo?





New on the New York skyline, the towering Pan American building. News for travel, Ruth Walter's shift that washes in mere seconds, dries in minutes, weighs mere ounces... and looks so pretty. Texturized nylon knit in a multicolor blue or pink print. 8 to 16, 17.98.

Ruth Walter

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A car is yours in minutes at the National Car Rental Office, N. Y. International airport. Drive off in your fluff of a coat by Cuddlecoat. Double-breasted lacy mohair and wool loop boucle in white, pink, blue, or marigold. 6 to 16, 59.98.



First stop for Fair-goers, the Exhibit Center on Macy's 5th Floor, New York. See and study the largest official walk-around model of the Fair, pre-plan your visit there to save yourself time and footsteps.



In front of New York's big, beautiful, new Holiday Inn... the Empire coat for junior petites by Cuddlecoat, perfectly proportioned, charmingly styled in a soft, airy mohair and wool loop boucle. White, pink, blue, marigold; junior petite 3 to 13, 49.98.

CUDDLECOAT

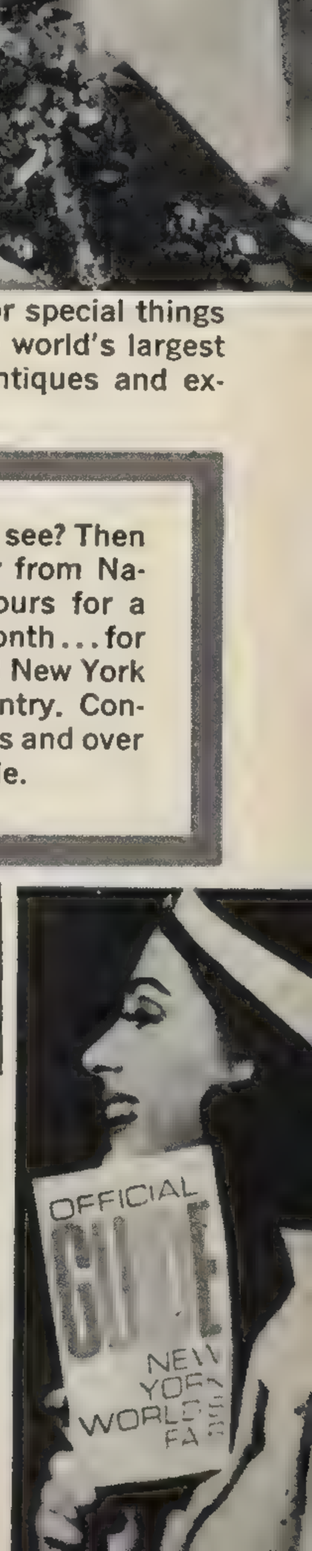


A special place in New York for special things ...Macy's Corner Shop on the world's largest furniture floor...filled with antiques and exquisite reproductions.

Want to see all there is to see? Then take to the road in a car from National Car Rental. It's yours for a day, a week, or by the month...for a sight-seeing trip around New York or a trip across the country. Convenient offices in 50 states and over 1,000 locations world-wide.

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Where in the world is everybody going? To the World's Fair in New York, of course. And how are they going? By Pan Am Jet Clipper that serves 85 lands, brings you to and from New York and every corner of the world in hours...and in luxurious comfort as well. No wonder so many people fly the world's most experienced airline...Pan Am.



Sign of the wise traveler: the Pan Am bag that tells the world you, too, fly Pan Am.

Where in the world are you going? Pan Am serves 85 lands around the world, flies so many routes that you can often go one way and come back another...see more on every trip. And on Pan Am, New York is only 7½ hours away from London, 8 hours from Paris, 10¾ hours from Rome, and just a day away from South Africa, New Zealand,, and Australia.

The storied skyline of New York from the Top of the Sixes, more enchanting than any pictures or words.



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What more fitting insignia than the globe for Pan American Airways System, the world's most experienced airline?



Outside Grand Central Station, Catalina's Finita knits, at home in town from dawn till after dark. V-neck cardigan bound with grosgrain in light green with aqua, navy with white, $15; skirt in aqua, hunter, navy, black, $13. Both in an acetate that feels like silk, packs and unpacks like a charm. Sizes 8 to 18.

Catalina

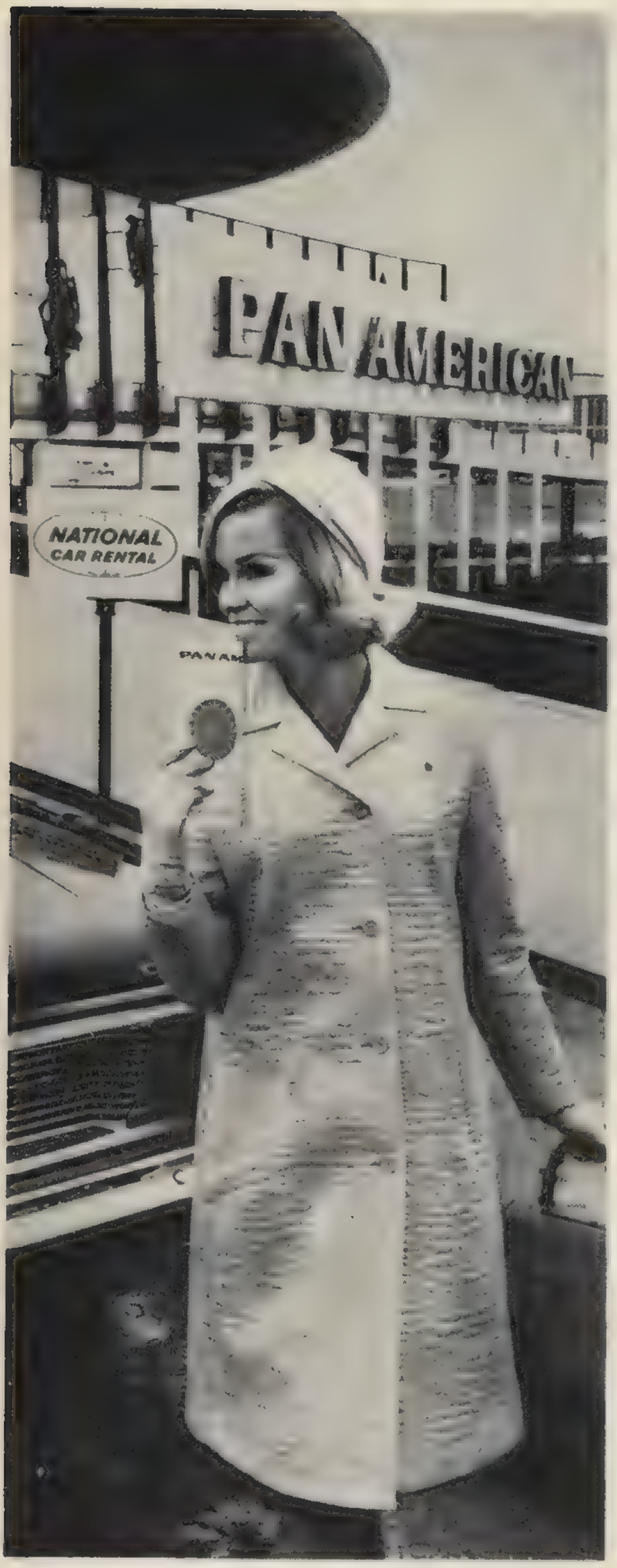


Watching New York build...3 parts make one urbane whole. Finita knits by Catalina in a texturized acetate that could double for silk, travels like a trooper. Skirt in aqua, hunter, navy, black, $13; cardigan vest in aqua, navy, black, $14; shirt in aqua, light green, navy, black, $16. Sizes 8 to 18.



Back to the Holiday Inn at the N. Y. airport.

Where in the world is everybody driving to? The World's Fair in New York, of course. They're driving new Fords from National Car Rental... the best way to see all en route, around and beyond New York. Where are they staying? At Holiday Inns coast to coast, the nation's innkeeper, with over 450 locations, and the biggest one right in New York.



Ready to drive off in a car from National Car Rental...and ready for all weather in Storm Play by March and Mendl, the marvellous raincoat in Fashionaire's puckered nylon. A new lightweight, hand-washable classic to travel with you. Black or oyster, 8-18. $25.

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Broadway's bright lights will shine more brightly during the year of the New York World's Fair ...with all the shows you've heard about and read about waiting to be seen.

Storm Play



Cleverest idea in travel coats in many a moon: Storm Play by March & Mendl. Here in a double breasted style that says world traveler. Made of Fashionaire's puckered nylon, this raincoat's hand-washable, almost lighter than air. Black or oyster, 8-18. 29.98.

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Where in the world is everybody heading? To the Exhibit Center on the Fifth Floor of Macy's Herald Square in New York, of course, to see the largest official walk-around model of the World's Fair... and other exhibits as well. This should be your first stop on the way to the Fair... to pre-plan your visit there, save yourself time and footsteps.



What trip to New York is complete without a stroll up Sutton Place? The car at the curb... a new Ford from National Car Rental, waiting to take you touring, sight-seeing, or shopping... in style.



Two guide books for every traveler: the Holiday Inns and National Car directories.

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Ready for the view from the world's tallest building, the Empire State, and a day in town ... Jonbarry's travel-wise step in shift. A hand-washable acetate knit, Fioraceta looks for all the world like silk, simply sheds wrinkles. Black, white, navy; 8 to 16. 39.98.

Jonbarry



You'll be so pleased that you'll want to say thank you in person at the main office of National Car Rental in New York.



You always have something to wear when you pack this lightweight lovely by Jonbarry. A 2-piece ribbed knit in Fioraceta, a texturized acetate that looks like silk, washes by hand, refuses to crush, it could take you around the world. Black, white, navy; 8-16. $45.

Who in the world is looking at these pages? Americans, of course, and in other far-flung editions of Vogue, customers of Selfridge's, London; Galeries Lafayette, Paris; John Orr, Johannesburg; The Myer Emporium, Melbourne; Farmer & Co., Sydney; the United Stores Group of New Zealand. See you all at the New York World's Fair!

Where in the world could you see as much on one vacation as you'll see at the New York World's Fair 1964-65? For here are exhibits from all over the world, glimpses into the past and the future... and lots of good dining, good fun, and merriment as well. Opens April 22... to the world.



Worth studying: a model of the Pan Am Jet Clipper® favorite plane wherever people take to the air.

Wherever in the world you travel... to any of the five continents or seven seas, you get there quickly, pleasantly when you fly Pan Am, the world's most experienced airline.



New in New York: the excitement of Lincoln Center. Here, the glass loveliness of Philharmonic Hall.



Need special help with shopping or shipments back home? Just ask Macy's Personal Shoppers.



The United Nations from the top of Beekman Towers... and looking at it, another 3-piece costume by Carlette Juniors in the same urban rayon. This one with a tie-front blouse, patch pockets, and a jaunty nautical air. In military blue with mint, green with pink, and gold with powder blue. 5 to 15. 22.98.



At home in Rockefeller Plaza, Carlette Juniors' 3-piece costume to wear with or without its washable acetate blouse. New... the extended shoulder, the welt seaming, the Jacaranda, rayon by Bloomsburg, and the colors: military blue with mint, rouge with mortar, green with pink. Sizes 5-15. 22.98.

Carlette Jr.

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Prices slightly higher on the West Coast.

Cameo never forgets what a woman's stockings are for.

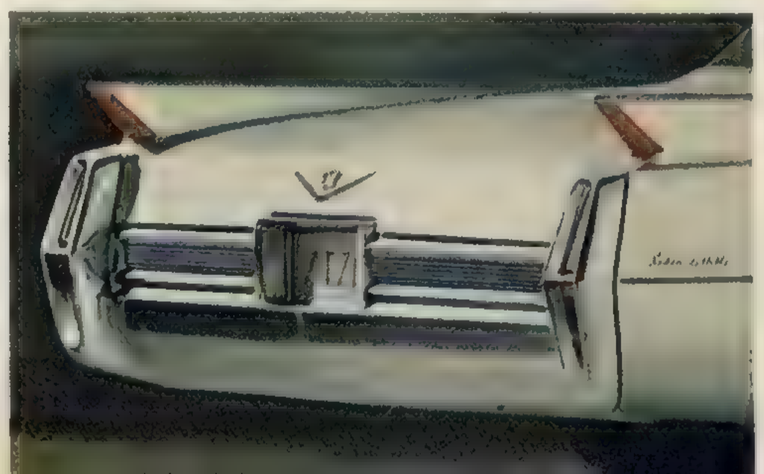
Are you as leg-conscious as your audience? If you're not, you may be missing out on something Just Fabulous. Cameo's new 14 denier nylons. (That's sheerer even than sheer.) With Cameo's new contour-shaping. (That means *really* shaped. Like legs.) They do great things for your ego. Make your legs look silky-smooth, shapely, sensuous. With fewer worries for you about runs, because they're made with all-around heel, toe, and top runguards. Remember the name if you want your audience to remember your legs. **Cameo Just Fabulous, 1.50.**



CADILLACS RIDE ALMOST TOO SMOOTHLY FOR LITTLE GIRLS

And so, when they arrive home, they sometimes run for the nearest swing. But big girls—like mothers—think that there is *nothing* as wonderful as a ride in a Cadillac car. They like the smooth, quiet way a Cadillac travels. They love Cadillac's unique roominess—and its incomparable comfort. And with the new Comfort Control*, temperature is pre-set to their liking. And the car's new performance and handling ease are tailor-made for feminine direction. There are eleven new Cadillac models—one just perfect for you and your family. *Just wait till you drive it*—and learn how easily you can swing a Cadillac on a modest budget. *It's more tempting than ever!*

*An extra-cost option combining heating and air conditioning.



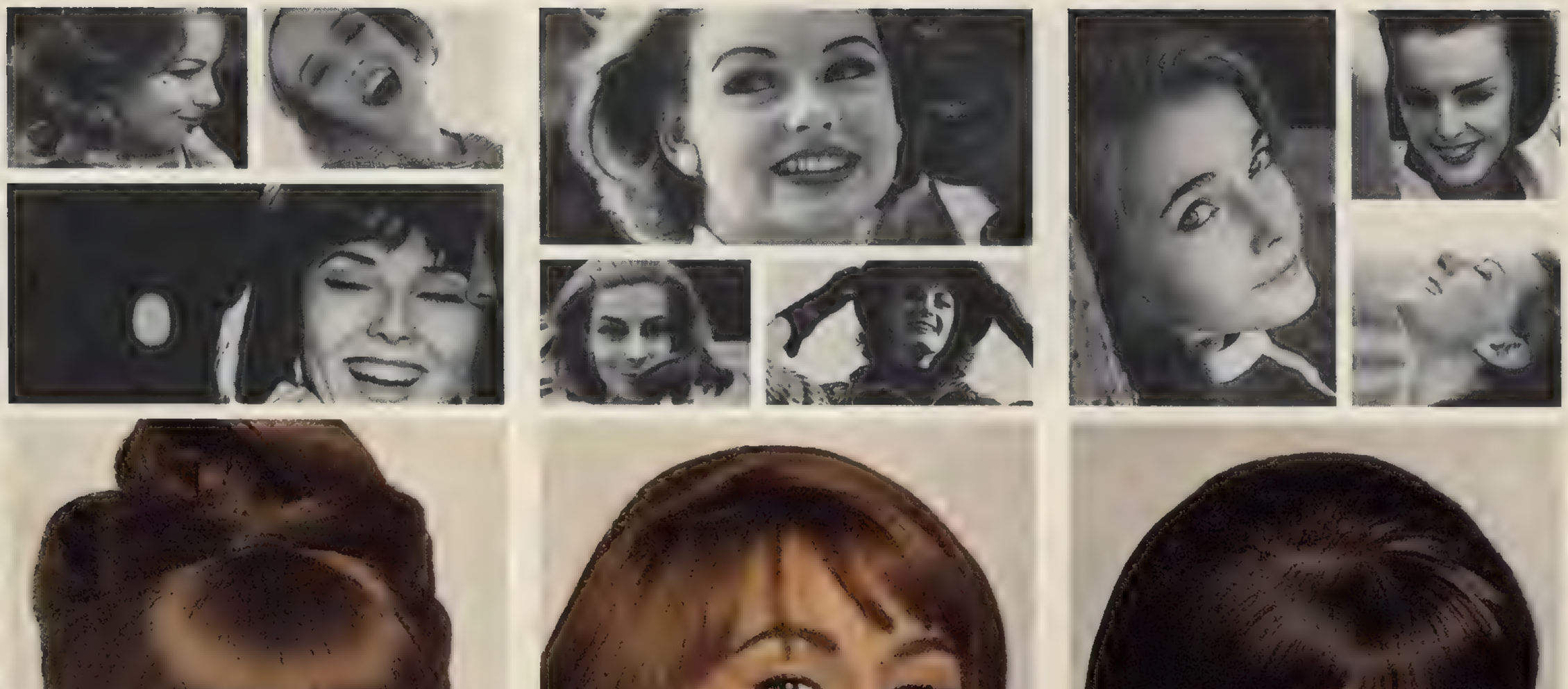
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new light of your life,
our airy Juliet strapless

Softly rounded, sweetly curved—
a new and truly stay-up strapless
without a trace of stiffness.
Vanity Fair's Juliet long-line bra
is all lace and Lycra® lightness.
Boldly dipped for your deepened
décolletages. Flowing smoothly
into a fluid, flawless waistline.
White, Black and Forever Orchid.
A cup, 32-36; B, 32-38; C, 32-40, 15.00
Vanity Fair Mills, Inc.,
640 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

BRA OF NYLON AND LYCRA® SPANDEX FIBER

all is vanity...all is **VANITY FAIR** *lingerie, girdles, bras*



Harper's Bazaar says:
"A soft, natural look... make-down in make-up"

Mademoiselle reports:
"...enough make-up to make a difference...still looking beautifully unmade-up"

Glamour calls it:
"The greatest change in years ...the tender look"

MEET FASHION'S NEW FACE

Better than bare...this is the face of sheer beauty ...so fresh you'd think that youth had kissed it... so flawless it seems that nature blessed it. So glowing you'd hardly know it's make-up. Max Factor created it especially for fashion's new image and called it Sheer Genius.



Sheer Genius is a complete make-up...with foundation, powder and moisturizers—all in one. It glides on easily. Gives a sheer, soft matte finish. Freshens with five moisturizers. Comes in ten skin tones. And makes you look as if nature did it all. That's the face of fashion. It's Sheer Genius.

SHEER GENIUS *by* MAX FACTOR

the authority in the exciting world of beauty

© 1964 MAX FACTOR & CO.



the spirit of spain is color:

More color than you've seen in one place in one lifetime... this is Spain, the inspiration for Jerry Silverman's Spanish Collection by Shannon Rodgers and influenced by the great Hispanic couturier, Elio Berhanyer. *His* inspiration: the brilliantly ruffled bravado of the Valencia costumes, pictured here by the famous Spanish post-impressionist, Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida. Clothes on this and the next three pages at stores listed page 170.



the spirit
of
jerry silverman
clothes by
shannon rodgers
is shape:

Spanish shape inspired by the clear dazzle of Spanish sunlight on soft Spanish stone, by the small superb jackets and coifs of the Castilian women shown here in a scene from a panoramic Sorolla. Among the delights of the Silverman fashion Collection: the fabrics—smoothed, immensely travelable, with a direct Spanish elegance. Stores and details on the clothes, page 170.



the spirit of spain is costume:

The costume tradition with all the alluring Spanish flourishes… a ring of golden sand, a ring of black lace ruffled like petals against a woman's face. The realism and the romance are part of the Spain-this-minute look of the Jerry Silverman Spanish Collection by Shannon Rodgers. Stores and details on the clothes, page 170.



the spirit
of
jerry silverman
clothes by
shannon rodgers
is a
love affair with spain:

The vibrant good weather,
the rimming beaches
from the Costa Brava
to the Costa Blanca to
the Costa del Sol,
the thrilling-chilling
switch from 70° water
to ski-cold snow...
the pleasure of perfume,
and jewels, clothes made
for a life you want to live
everywhere where the nights
are gay and endless.
Stores and details on
the clothes, page 170.



A creamy new form of fragrance that gently clings to your skin far into the exciting hours!

© 1964 PARFUMS CORDAY, INC.

FAME & TOUJOURS MOI
Fragrance lasts and lasts...rolls on to your skin in silky little strokes! 3.00

CORDAY

BLENDED IN U.S.A. WITH DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED ESSENCES.

NEW GOOD MOVES FOR TRAVELLERS

FLORIDA'S NEW OFF-SHORE LURE

For the past two months, the new swinging spot, fifty-five miles off the Florida shore line, is Grand Bahama Island. Circled with glistening beaches, this cedilla-shaped island was once a lair for pirates in the seventeenth century, for blockade-runners in the nineteenth, and for rumrunners during Prohibition. On the southern shore of this expanse of errant history, now stretch the enormous reaches of the Lucayan Beach complex, all designed now for fun.

Lucaya is given over handsomely and enthusiastically to entertainment—one nightclub, two restaurants, three bars, plus a gambling casino (dice to roulette) with British-trained croupiers, as well as golf, tennis, and the built-in beguilement of the sea. All the Lucayan Beach Hotel's balconied rooms, as well as those in the string of cottages, look out over water. Double room for two, from $37 to $54; for breakfast and luncheon add $8 for each person.

Twelve-foot doors open into the Monte Carlo Room, the casino, with its glitter of crystal lights and windowless gold-leaf walls flocked with white velvet. Chips begin at twenty-five cents, go up considerably higher; at some of the tables blue chips mean quarters.

For players, as well as non-players, the Lucayan Room, a glassy circus-tent room with a revolving orchestra stand, serves unusually good food.

From Fort Lauderdale and Miami, to reach these gaming pleasures takes about a thirty-minute flight; from Palm Beach, one hour. Round-trip fare from any of these three places comes to less than $25. To go to Lucaya requires only identification.

Many Florida visitors fly to Lucaya just for the evening—there to have dinner, perhaps dance, and try their luck on the green-baize tables.
Note: the last plane for Miami takes off at four in the morning.

AN IRISH CHÂTEAU HOTEL

Inside sixteenth-century Dromoland Castle, soft-grey and turreted, and standing in a forest of leafy oaks by a reed-edged lake, everything is startlingly fresh, warmed with twentieth-century comforts. Outside, buds burst into tender green in an early spring. Hedges come alive with blossoms, and chestnut trees bloom like Christmas candles. The surprise—the castle is only eight miles from Shannon Airport at Newmarket-on-Fergus in County Clare.

In the fifteen-hundred-acre castle grounds, all green with the exception of brilliant flower gardens, are tennis courts and an eighteen-hole golf course; trout fishing in the stream curling around the estate; a gillie ($5.50 a day) will lead more ambitious fishermen to nearby rivers for salmon. For horsemen the castle has stables ($2.20 an hour); guests may join the excitement at a meet of the County Clare hounds.

From this strategic headquarters for fanning out into the hedged Irish countryside, the town of Ennis with its many pubs is only eight miles away; Limerick, nineteen.

The castle rooms are large, quiet, and bright with flowered wallpaper. In the panelled bar, once the library, liquor bottles line up on bookshelves. The good food includes castle-grown raspberries, and the delicious dark Irish bread with raisins. *Note:* Most guests wear black tie for dinner.

Single rooms, with three meals, from $24 to $30 a day; double rooms for two, from $38 to $55; with sitting rooms for two, about $65. October until May first, roughly 25% less.



WHERE TO BUY

Sleep-ease

FORTREL®

Gown and Peignoir Ensemble
as shown on opposite page

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Fresno ..... Rhodes
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St. Louis ..... Famous Barr*

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Why Fortrel?

Ask the bright young drama critic.

The one who appreciates a smooth performance on stage as well as off.

Fortrel keeps her sleepwear smooth. Analyzing O'Neill. Planning Sunday's column. Mentally rewriting tonight's play.

Pretty good reasons for you to look for Fortrel. In all your clothes.

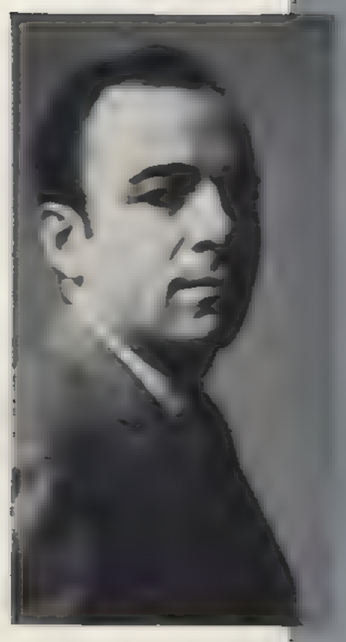
Sleep-ease delicate ensemble designed in Paris. french fabrics' richly embroidered batiste of Fortrel polyester and cotton. A little-or-no-iron dream in white, pink or blue with contrasting trim. Shift gown, about $6.* Peignoir, about $8.* Petite, small and medium. Also available, baby doll and capri pajamas, about $6 each.* At B. Altman & Co., N.Y. & branches, and at stores on facing page.

*Slightly higher west of the Rockies

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

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THE TOTALLY SOFT COVER GIRL LOOK

... BY JACQUES TIFFEAU

Clothes, coifs, complexions suddenly take on a melting softness. Example: the soft, poetic look of cover girl Sondra Paul. Here in Jacques Tiffeau's freefalling shaft of matelassé piqué—white . . . cowled . . . fresh . . . fluid.

The coif also fluid, flattering. The complexion . . . a sunny honey-beige . . . so natural you can't believe it's make-up. To complete the totally soft Cover Girl Look, lustrous pink-beige lips.

Cover Girl Make-up—from a soft-tone series: fluid foundation, matching pressed and loose powder, matte make-up . . . *plus* new Cover Girl lipstick in softly insistent fashion colors cover girls chose for "the look of *now!*" All by Noxzema . . . medicated • antiseptic • fragrant. Each $1.50 plus tax

(Advertisement)



Jacques Tiffeau dress
from Tiffeau-Busch

Jennie, 3.50 • Rue de la Paix, 4.00 • Rapture, 3.50 • Lapine, 3.00



Voila... the Parisian accent!

Translated into the delightful difference that sets Crescendoes apart
... makes each glove such a vital part of your costume! Leather-tailored in Wonder-fabric
... designed in Paris and custom-sized for perfect fit. The Crescendoe look you love!

Have you seen Crescendoe Leather Gloves by Superb? C'est Magnifique!

NOW BATHE IN CHANEL Nº 5



NEW OIL FOR THE BATH AWAKENS THE SLEEPING BEAUTY OF YOUR SKIN...GIVES IT A FRESH NEW LOOK!

CHANEL

OIL FOR THE BATH 3 OZ. 5.00, EAU DE COLOGNE FROM 3.50, BATH POWDER 5.00, SOAP 4.50 © 1963 CHANEL, INC., 1 WEST 57TH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Flattery will get you everywhere





THE CLASSIC LOOK

If your man is one whose decisions are swift and sure . . . the masterful type . . . he will like the comfort, fit and masculine lines of the Classic Look.



THE NATURAL GENTLEMAN LOOK

'BOTANY'500 *TAILORED BY* **DAROFF**

But, Flattery is like gourmet cooking. To be digestible, it must be created with a desire to please, not to overwhelm. Otherwise, it tastes strangely like baloney. Offering to go suit-shopping with your man is a pleasing form of flattery. (Six out of ten women have found this out.) So, choose to come shopping and flatter your man. 🌿 *But be as wise about 'Botany' 500 Tailored by Daroff suits as you are about Paris couture.* 🌿 *We Daroffs are obsessed with a passion for perfection. Our Personal Touch goes into every fashionable aspect of fabric, texture and shades of coloring. We have sizes to spare and a gamut of the latest styles. So, consider your 'Botany' 500 dealer your "source".* 🌿 *If your man is so pleased, he suggests cocktails when the shopping is over, go! Suits $65.00,* others $59.95* to $85.00.**



If he's young at heart, a believer in comfort rather than conformity, he'll unquestionably prefer the lean, trim, unpadded and pleatless Natural Gentleman Look.

THE FORWARD FASHION LOOK

If he has an adventurous nature, if he is an innovater, a fearless leader, who wants to be first, The Forward Fashion Look and he are made for each other.

Look for this Prestige Seal

Be extra smart, send for the informative booklet, "Design for Success", and the name of your nearby 'Botany' 500 dealer. Write: H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., 2300 Walnut Street, Phila. 3, Pa. (a subsidiary of Botany Industries). *Slightly higher in the West.

Sanitized® for Hygienic Freshness.

"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE



The fabric is Hathaweave—with an uncanny knack of staying white. Also available in 6 pastel shades.

Hathaway and Kodel® revive the cult of the crisp white shirt—and this one stays crisp and white



HOW often have you bought dazzling white shirts—only to see them turn dingy and gray after one or two visits to the laundry? It's absolutely maddening.

But it never need happen again. Hathaway and Kodel have just whipped up a crisp little classic that *stays* white.

The clue to its whiteness is in the fabric—65 percent Kodel* polyester and 35 percent cotton. This ingenious new fiber is whiter at birth than any other polyester. And thanks to a secret process known to only seven living men, it *keeps* its sparkle.

What's more, it shrugs off dirt and makeup smudges. Stays crisp and wrinkle-free for 24 hours. Drips dry. And feels deliciously silky.

Hathaway tailors this magical stuff with extravagant attention to detail. Tiny stitches you can barely spot with the naked eye. Small, pearly buttons that stay on. And that outrageously flattering bow, which makes a face look *soft*—and triumphantly feminine.

Price? About $9.95. For names of stores, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Or in New York, call OXford 7-5566.

*Kodel is the trademark for Eastman Kodak's polyester fiber.

KEEP THIS NAME ON YOUR LIPS—

Estée Lauder's

NEW RE-NUTRIV LIPSTICK

SWISS STRAWBERRY

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THE RE-NUTRIV COLLECTION: SWISS STRAWBERRY • GRECIAN LILAC • SORRENTO PINK • CAPRI PINK • PORTO FINO ROSE • FRENCH APRICOT • DESERT CORAL
SPANISH MELON • TROPIC TANGERINE • FRENCH PEACH • VALENCIA CORAL • CAFÉ • CASTILIAN • PEPPERMILL • SEVILLA RED • FLORENTINE CHERRY

slip your hand into a glove of



Complexion



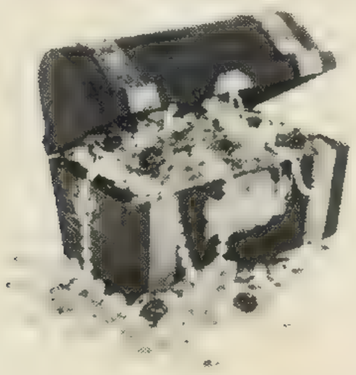
and feel yourself every inch a woman. Complexion enfolds you, pampers you, breathes with you. Here at last is a glove you can live in...whose every proud contour praises your fingers, your hand, your arm. Only *Complexion* is Complexion.

HANSEN *Gloves*

"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE

CROWN JEWELS OF THE CARIBBEAN

Jamaica/Trinidad/Puerto Rico



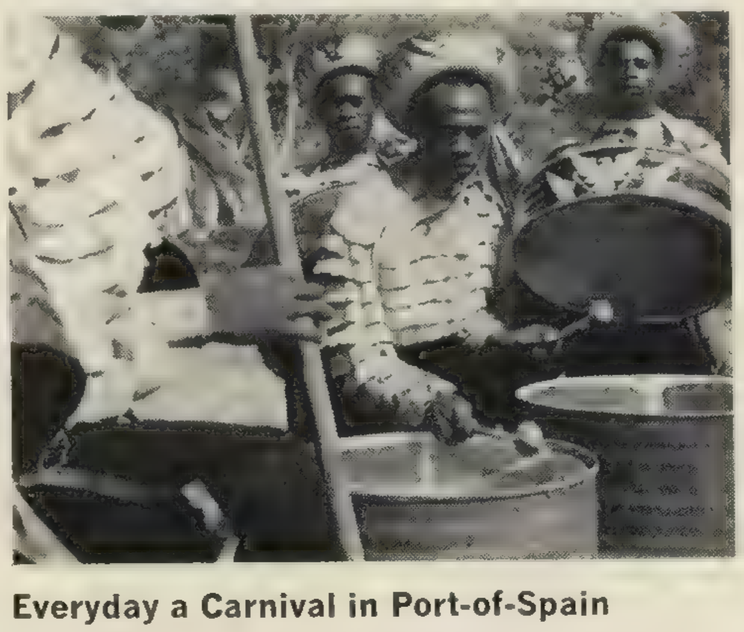
by Peter Griffith

Each island is like a sparkling gem set in turquoise waters, with pearl-white beaches and emerald mountains. And each offers you its own treasure chest of adventure . . . plus all the comforts of Hilton. Full air-conditioning. Exciting décor. Superb local and international cuisine. Friendly Hilton service.

Sporting Paradise at Ocho Rios

The Jamaica Hilton's 22-acre tropical estate has a sparkling, reef-protected beach for sailing, snorkeling, water-skiing, basking and anything else you can think of. There's tennis, badminton, and horse-back riding, a pitch and putt golf course right on the grounds, an 18-hole championship course nearby. And if you're feeling adventurous you can ride a raft down the Rio Grande . . . hunt crocodiles along the Black River . . . climb the famous Dunn's River Falls. At the end of the day, sip exotic tropical potions by the huge swimming pool . . . loosen up in the Limbo Room night club . . . have a ball.

The Jamaica Hilton is the gem of the fashionable North Shore, two hours drive along the coast from Montego Bay, three hours through the mountains from Kingston. Rates start at $32 a day single, $40 double (Modified American Plan).



Everyday a Carnival in Port-of-Spain

You know it's Carnival the instant you see the new upside-down Trinidad Hilton, built on the side of a hill. You enter at the top, past the shopping arcade—and go *down* to your room. From your terrace all Port-of-Spain, with its colorful harbor and the sea beyond, is spread before you. Relax beside the pool, as a waiter serves up an East Indian curry. Wash it down with a delectable Creole drink called Sangaree. And all around you is carnival. In the steel drums echoing off the mountains. In the rhythm of feet on Frederick Street. In the roguish words of a Calypso song. No wonder! Mix the peoples of Europe, Africa, the Middle East, India and China. And what happens? Everyone celebrates everyone else's holidays! Join the Carnival at the Trinidad Hilton. Rooms start at $16 single, $21 double.

Blue cobbles and bright lights in San Juan

The Caribe Hilton has a Spanish fortress right on the premises—the 18th century bastion of San Geronimo. And a short cab ride brings you to the four-hundred-year-old Spanish city of Old San Juan, where the streets are paved with the blue ballast stone of the Spanish galleons and the huge fortress of El Morro has stood guard over the Harbor since 1533.

The sweeping coral sand beach of the Caribe Hilton offers you every kind of water sport. Championship tennis courts and two huge swimming pools, too. And in the evening there's dining and dancing at the Club Caribe, where top international stars entertain you. Caribbean, stateside and continental cuisine at the Rotisserie Castille, center of San Juan social life. Exotic oriental and Polynesian delicacies at Trader Vic's. You're in the world's



most popular resort hotel . . . yet the rates start as low as $24 a day single, $29 double.

Put some s's in your life. Like sunshine, sand, sparkling seas and something Spanish. Write now for color brochures of all these hotels, plus full details of rates, to Peter Griffith, Hilton Hotels International, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York 22, N.Y. For reservations, see your travel agent, or call any Hilton Hotel or Hilton Reservation Office (see phone book). At all Hilton International Hotels, charges can be paid for on your Carte Blanche Credit Card or Hilton Credit Identification Card.



GO INTERNATIONAL...WITH ALL THE COMFORTS OF HILTON





French clutch purses in Louis XIV fabrics by AMITY



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By the time you finish reading this announcement, the lipstick you are now wearing will be obsolete.



ACTUAL SIZE

Tussy creates the first all-perfect lipstick

Golden Wonder

▲ A totally new formula . . . totally new shape . . . totally new length.

▲ A completely new greaseless formula . . . so light and "gliding" you can't feel it on your lips.

▲ Gives you true color in one stroke . . . won't change color on your lips.



New Golden Wonder Lipstick is completely new all the way through. It has a unique greaseless formula . . . so naturally light and moist the color floats on without caking.

Golden Wonder is a new shape of Lipstick—the only lipstick pointed at the top, rounded at the bottom to outline and fill in with the deft touch of a brush. Keeps its shape down to the last application.

The first and only lipstick designed to work like a lighter. When you flick the tiny wheel, the color propels itself up, slowly, gently. Golden Wonder makes swivel-base lipsticks old-fashioned.

First and only ¾-length lipstick! The ideal length for lipstick. Won't break like long-line lipsticks—more graceful to handle than short, stubby lipsticks.

Golden Wonder—in the most provocative shades since color was created—to shimmer boldly in the daylight—after dark, to light your lips with soft, pastel fire.

If you're not adventurous enough to try Golden Wonder—why wear lipstick at all?



TUSSY REALLY CARES about the wonder of your lips

Tussy Cosmetics, New York











From the NEW

EISENBERG COLLECTION

of Highlights in Ice...

jewelry designed with authority

and craftsmanship...gem-set in the

manner of the world's finest jewels.

Pins from $8.50 to $13.50. Ring, adjustable, $13.50.*

Earrings to match available. Prices plus tax.





*Eisenberg Ice**

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Who rules the underworld?

Hazel Bishop:
for women who can afford the best.
Even though it costs less.

Hazel Bishop makes everything that makes a beautiful face. Start with Creme 'n Powder, the natural look creme make-up or, if you prefer, Compact Make-Up, for a smooth, matte finish. Then comes Fresh 'n Bright (a glowing blush in a tube) or Complexion Glow liquid rouge. Lipsticks? Of course. There is nothing like Fantastick, the new imperial size lipstick that's fantastically creamy—fantastically long-lasting. The colors are fantastic, too. (There's matching nail enamel, of course.)

Your eyes? That's where the excitement is. New, new, *new* Lash Builder mascara makes lashes longer, thicker, more luxuriant than you ever dreamed possible. You could pay more, but you couldn't ask for more.

Hazel Bishop Inc.





Jantzen.

Under the world of fashion, Jantzen makes the rules. Rule #1: Caresse, proportioned stride panty-girdle. Short, average or long-stride—to custom-fit you. In all the right colors. $12.95. Rule #2: Jantzen's V-Look plunge bra in cotton or nylon lace. Comes with gentle dacron polyester cotton quilt lining, light contour or full pad from $3.95 to $5.95. Jantzen, 261 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York. We've got Canada covered, too.





"Weekends I let myself glow!

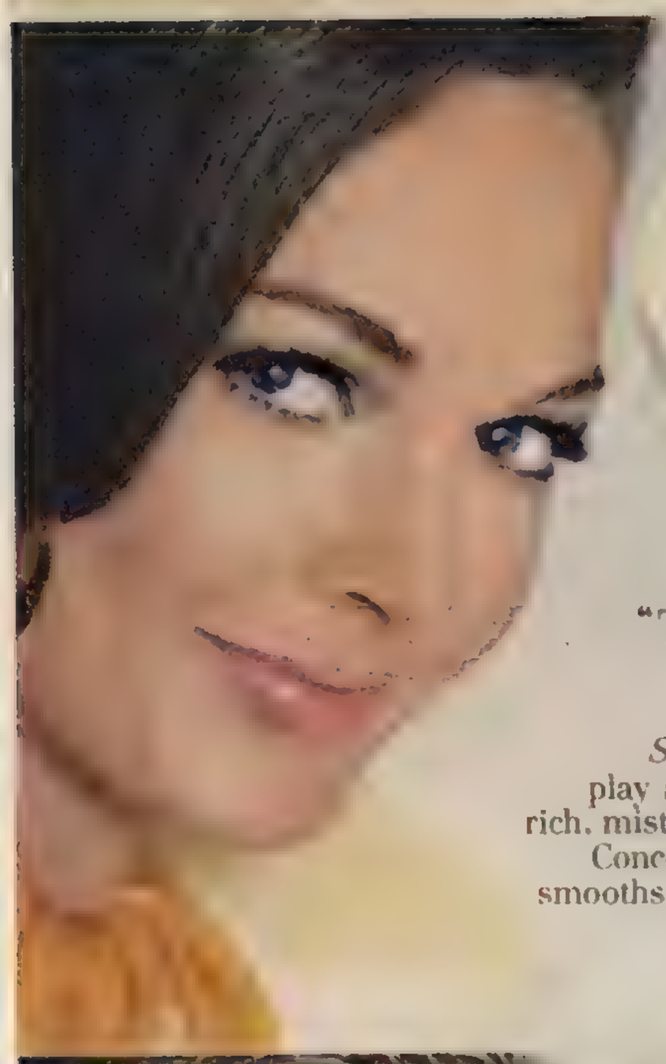
Flatter-Glo is the filmy fluid make-up that flows on... for a young, fresh look. I love it...with or without powder."





"Tonight I go all out!

This matte look is *Flatter Magic* powder and foundation in a tube. Never powdery or shiny - always luscious."





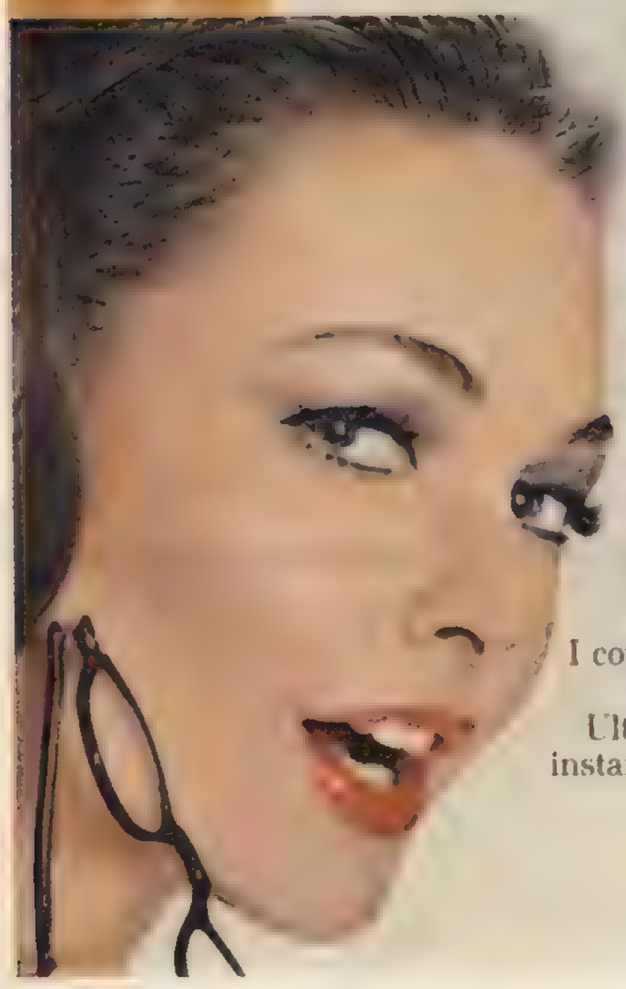
"Tomorrow - who knows?

Sophisti-Creme lets me play any role flawlessly. It's the rich, misty, moisty cream make-up. Conceals little lines while it smooths and silkens my skin."



"Sometimes I'm an incurable romantic (aren't we all?)

Royal Velvet liquid make-up is sheer luxury. Special moisturizers leave my skin super-dewy...looking luminous."





"Most days it's Rush! Rush! Rush!

I couldn't live without *Cloudsilk Compressed Powder.*

Ultra-sheer with powdered pearl for instant sparkle! It's fast, fast, fast!"

The 5 You's

DuBarry Make-up makes them all come true!

Go ahead and be yourself! (All five...or more...of you.) DuBarry believes you should give in blissfully to every beautiful whim. (Why not ask the DuBarry girl to help you make up your mind?)

Flatter-Glo*–1.50* Flatter Magic*–2.00* Sophisti-Creme*–1.75*
Royal Velvet*–3.50* Cloudsilk Compressed Face Powder–in deluxe Golden metal case–3.50* or in mock Tortoise Shell compact–1.50*
Cloudsilk Pearled Face Powder–2.00*–3.50* (loose)
(Shades to flatter every complexion.) *All prices plus tax.

Available at fine drug and department stores everywhere.

Du Barry...the most elegant name in cosmetics.

© 1984 DuBarry



How many different necklaces does a fashionable woman need?

Just one. The Vendome Convertible.

Choker. Opera length. Back-loop. Chatelaine effect. Side clasp. Etcetera. Etcetera. Almost any look you want can be yours with one Vendome Convertible Necklace.

How does it do it?

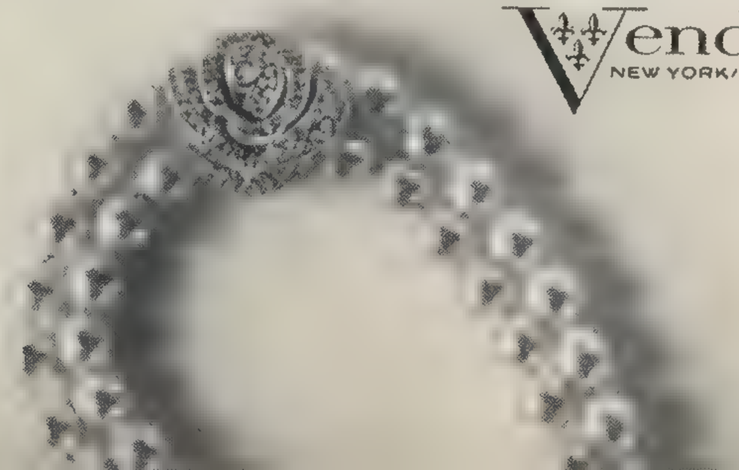
Vendome's ingenious clasp does the trick. And it does it so elegantly, you just won't need any other necklaces. (You can wear a Vendome Convertible as a bracelet as well as a necklace.)



What's more, the Vendome Convertible is made of Vendome simulated pearls. No ordinary mock pearls, these. They're the unique Vendome ovals. Hand-made. Hand-dipped sixteen times for iridescent lustre. French knotted by hand, too. There is nothing finer in simulated pearls. And nothing more versatile. The Vendome Convertible in your choice of designer clasps, from $10. to $20. Matching earrings available.

At leading stores or write Vendome, New York 1, New York.

Vendôme
NEW YORK/LONDON/PARIS





weatherbee

The indispensable coat!
All you need for going places this spring. You'll shine, rain or shine! The dashing demi-fit coat by Weatherbee in rich rayon and acetate faille. Laminated. Water-repellent. Black, beige, navy, blue, red. Misses and Junior sizes. $35* at listed stores and other stores of equal calibre.



*Slightly higher Far West

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Baltimore—Stewart's
Boston—Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago—Carson, Pirie Scott
Cleveland—Halle Bros. Co.
Columbus, O.—F. & R. Lazarus
Detroit—Himelhoch's
Indianapolis—Wm. H. Block
Kansas City, Mo.—Harzfeld's
Phila.—Bonwit Teller
Pittsburgh—Kaufmann's
Providence—Shepard Co.
Reading, Pa.—Whitner's
Richmond, Va.—La Vogue
Ridgewood, N. J.—Jenny Banta
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Schenectady—H. S. Barney
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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

An enchanted Paris evening— supper at Maxim's after Prokofiev's "Cinderella"



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With his special wizardry for the rococo and the ravishing, Raymundo de Larrain designed, and presented his own company in Prokofiev's ballet, "Cinderella," called by one Paris critic, "a royal *divertissement* like those of Versailles." On opening night, all Paris turned out to see the ballet—an exquisite, spangled sequence of ensembles set in a grotto of fountains with frothy chandeliers above a stairway spiralling to infinity. (Tessa Beaumont, the seductive French ballerina, is its *première danseuse*; Geraldine Chaplin dances two rôles: the Spring Fairy and the Persian Princess.) Although scrupulously classic, the choreography of Orlikowsky shows character, wit, a touch of travesty. The ugly sisters, for instance, are danced by men. After the performance, many first-nighters went on to supper at Maxim's, which in Paris al-

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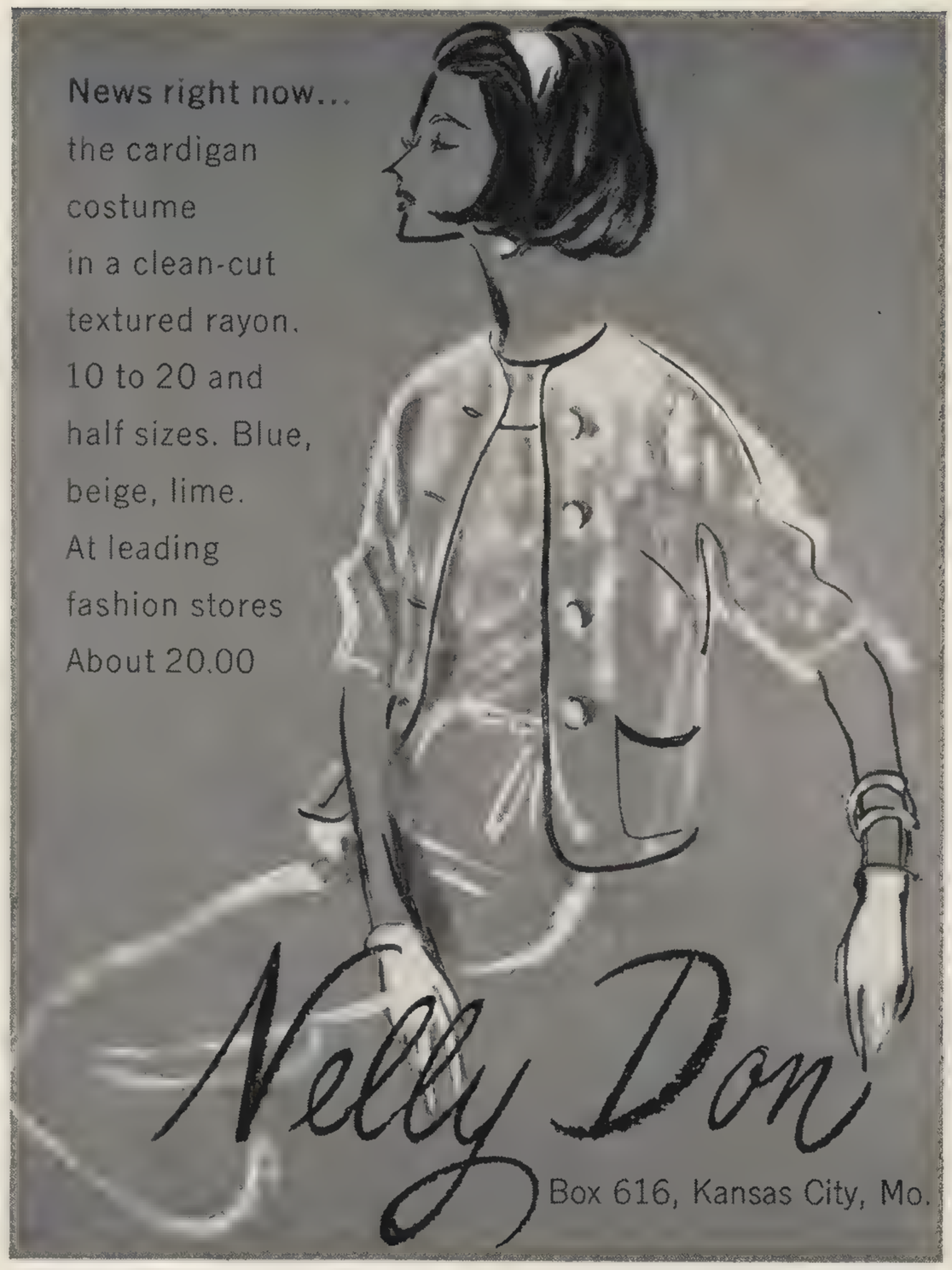
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ways seems the most gala place to celebrate a gala opening.

1. On stage after the ballet performance, Vicomtesse Jacqueline de Ribes, who was the right hand of Raymundo de Larrain for this production of "Cinderella." 2. Mme. Arturo Lopez-Willshaw and H.E. Mr. Carlos Morla-Lynch, the Ambassador from Chile to France. 3. Mlle. Ludmilla Tcherina and M. Jacques Chazot. 4. Princess Maria Gabriella of Savoy. 5. Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel, in one of her famous theatre suits, with M. Jean Chevalier. 6. Mlle. Elsa Martinelli. 7. Princess Ira Furstenberg. 8. Mme. Georges Pompidou, the wife of the French Prime Minister, with M. Christian Fouchet, the French Minister of Education. 9. Miss Geraldine Chaplin at Maxim's.





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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

The lovely, lively party for the New York début of Jill and Tina Isles



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Young and extremely pretty, Jill and Tina Isles were given a coming-out party by their mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. Stephane Groueff, at the St. Regis Roof. The party had the same young, extremely pretty look. Peter Duchin played with his own famous eleven-piece band. Later a fizzy combo from Trude Heller's came on—the Five Fabulous Imperials—sax, electric guitar, organ, drums, and singer. They beat out such songs as "Twist and Shout," and all the new swing steps. Some of the débutantes, experts, swung into that newest beat to grab the young—the Froug—a fast swivel of hips and arms with the feet planted flat on the floor. From pink-clothed candlelit tables, shaded by enormous pink ostrich-feather trees,



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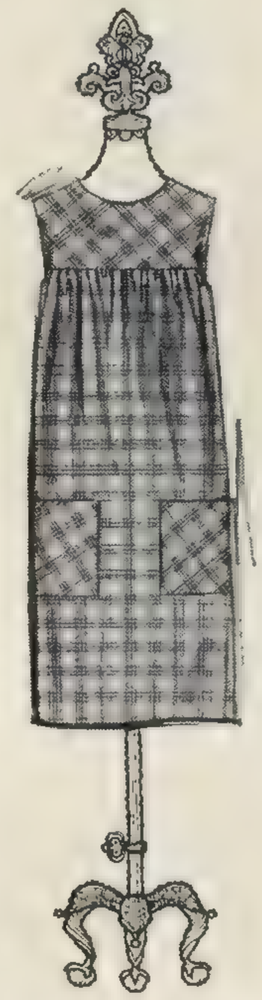


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other guests watched and waited for the more known, relaxing rhythms of Duchin. Then, everybody danced.

1. In the receiving line, *left to right*, Mrs. Stephane Groueff, Miss Jill Isles, and Miss Tina Isles greeting a guest. 2. Miss Jill Isles dancing with Mr. Stephane Groueff. 3. Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Mrs. Henry J. Heinz, II. 4. Mr. Demetri Marchessini and Miss Susan Stein. 5. The dance floor, flanked by pink ostrich-feather trees, with, dancing *left*, Miss Lorna Hyde. 6. Miss Anne Ford. 7. Miss Pamela Zauderer and Miss Victoria Fairbanks. 8. Mr. and Mrs. John Barry Ryan, III. 9. Mr. and Mrs. T. Suffern Tailer with Mrs. Gilbert Miller, right.

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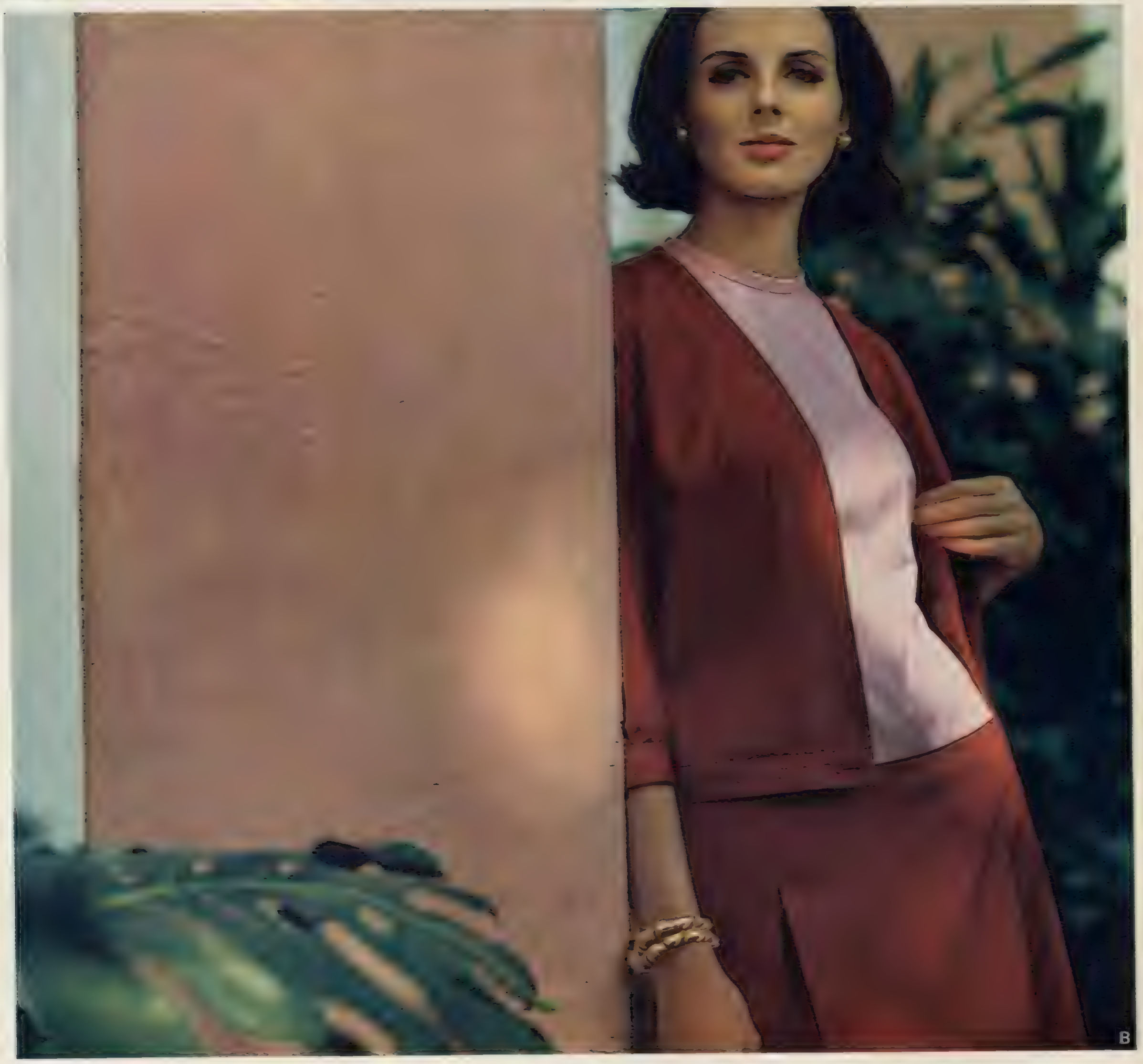
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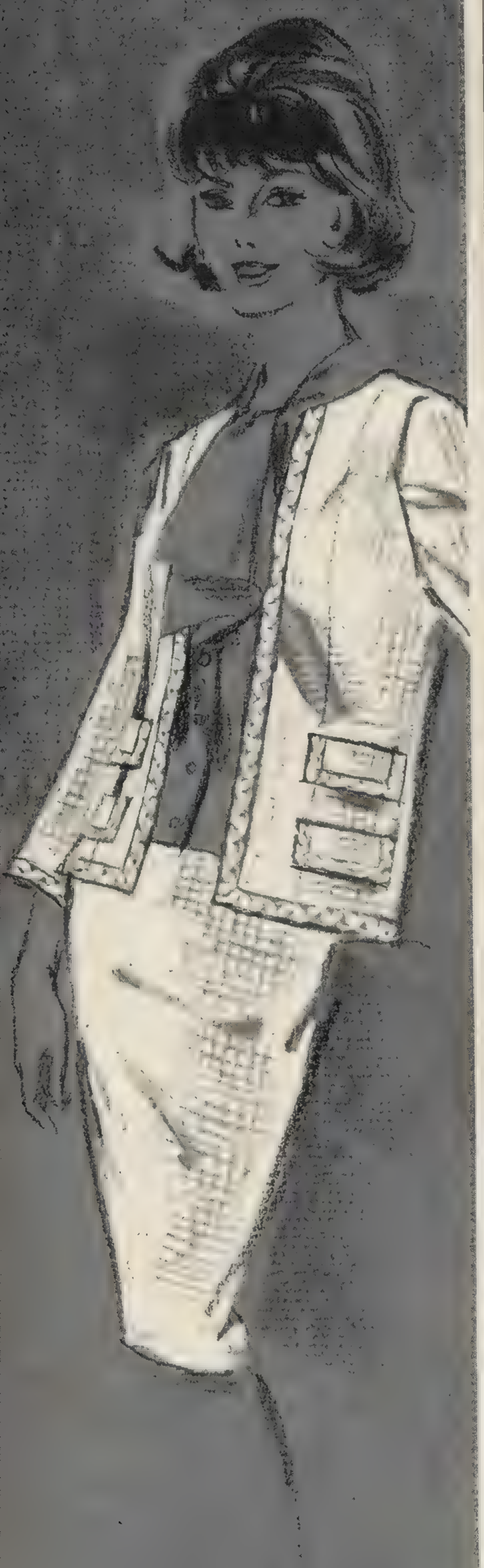
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movies

BY PAUL BRESLOW

The Silence, "rather sensational"

While many of the best contemporary movies, such as those of Antonioni, are intentionally sketchy in their acting, largely because their directors prefer to construct human feelings from the purely cinematic ordering of a material environment (into which fragmented performances are fitted and unified as participating, but subordinate, images), the emotional authority of *The Silence*, Ingmar Bergman's most interesting film since *The Seventh Seal*, rests largely on extraordinary performances by its actresses, Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. But the frighteningly real and overt emotions that they create in tight, steadily held close-ups are then destroyed, reinterpreted, and rendered ambiguous by their context.

Within the constricting terms of a rather sensational plot, involving the Lesbian relationship of two sisters, Bergman's approach generates moral ambiguities of a fairly obvious order: when Anna (Miss Lindblom) leaves her older sister, Ester (Miss Thulin), to a lonely death in "Timoka," a dismal, Balkan-esque place filled with tanks and impoverished citizens speaking a language of Bergman's invention, we may see it as a liberation of Anna and her son, Johan, from death and perversity, or we may condemn it as cruelty. More remarkable than these fabricated problems, however, are the explorations Bergman makes into silence: not only, as before, the silence of God, of death, and of despair, but the silence of ordinary verbal language upon the subjective mysteries of feeling, and hence the silence of reason. Denied speech by their isolation in a foreign country, Anna and Ester (and indeed the spectator) are also denied the use of past experience by which particular events, sounds, or images are normally defined as if they were familiar words employed in new sentences. In one sequence, Johan enters a bedroom with innocent demeanour; the spectator anticipates a crude shock, for the noises that come from the bed seem unmistakably erotic; but the shock, when the camera reveals the bed, is at our own duped prurience: the noises are those of Ester's tubercular wheezing, and the boy is not surprised, for he is learning a language for the first time, while the spectator is translating from another, misleading vocabulary. (Ester, the dominating, colder sister, is, incidentally, a translator, and her final gift to Johan is a list of words.)

Now, Bergman is no abstract thinker; behind his interest in linguistic devices, and in his insistently purposeful observations of the body, there operates a dramatic concern for the actual interplay of physical, emotional, and rational reality. The impact of the film's best scenes, therefore, has fortunately little to do with his metaphysics alone: when Ester rehearses death, with the characteristically ineffectual, linguistic gesture of drawing a sheet over her own head, one is moved by Miss Thulin's simulation, not by the exposure of it that occurs when Johan pulls the sheet back.

Apart from its acting, then, *The Silence* is complex and intelligent, but somewhat ponderous, marred by the air of being a speech in his own nomination for Philosopher-Magician that afflicts Bergman's work. Moreover, it has too many bursts of detached symbolism (including a troupe of midgets, those unfortunate, all-purpose gatekeepers of the unconscious), too many gusts of solemn, if silent, rhetoric (such as Anna's lover sniffing at her like a dog), and it leaves Timoka looking too much like a studio set for it to heighten the sense of the characters' dread and isolation (one doesn't prove that Timoka is nowhere by making it nothing). Still, by manifesting emotion with neither embarrassment nor sentimentality, *The Silence* transcends dialogue to disclose with compassion the anguish of the literally unspeakable.

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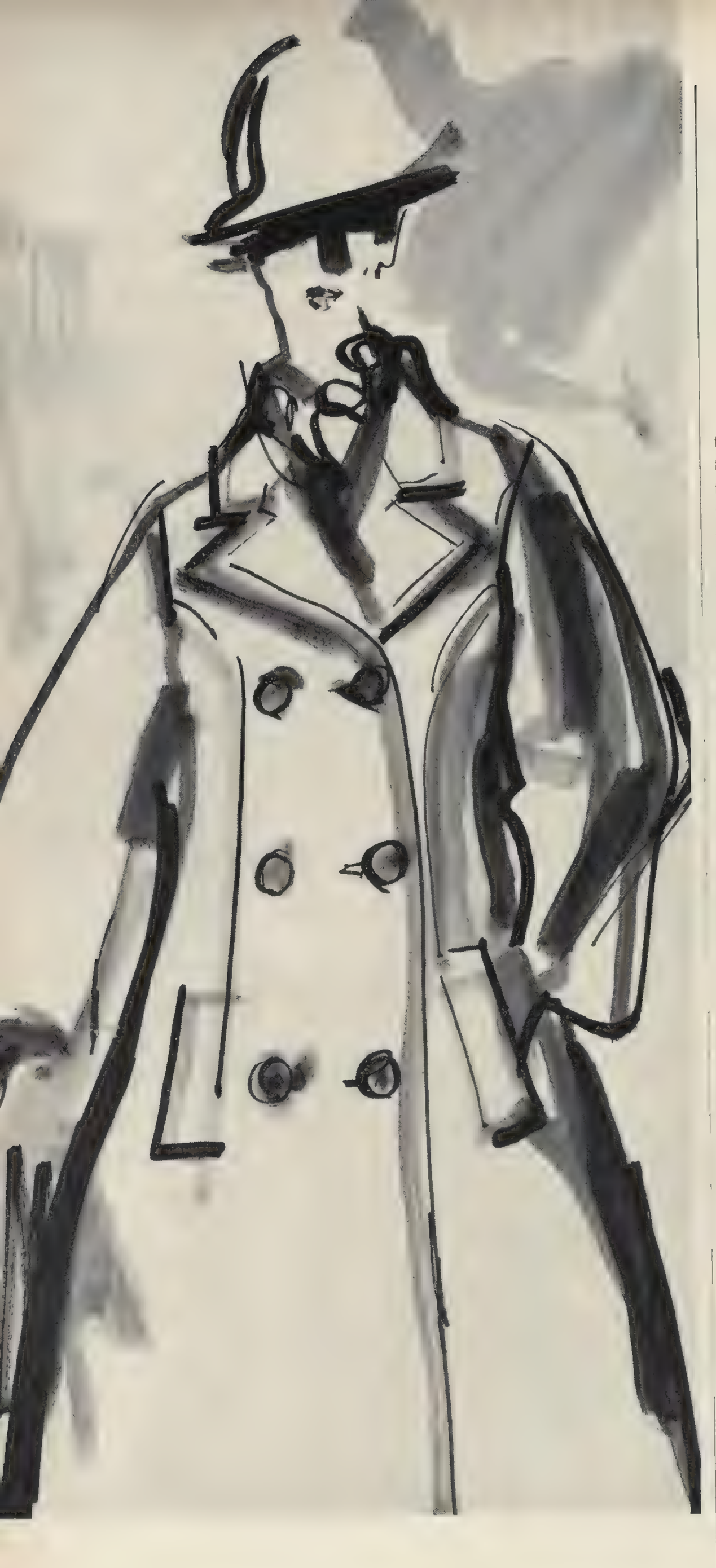
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BY HENRY POPKIN

After the Fall, "the real shocker"

Arthur Miller has gone to some pains to insure that everyone will think he recognizes the real-life originals of the characters in this memory play. The caricature of Marilyn Monroe, the cruel portrait of the hero's first wife, and the rhapsodic presentation of his third wife are all there to start tongues a-clucking. But the real shocker is none of these; it is Miller's hero, Quentin. The whole purpose of the play is to absolve Quentin of any responsibility for anything that happens to others. Understand that Miller is not questioning the reality of guilt. The others are guilty; only Quentin is innocent. Miller is right to note the existence of people like Quentin, who can not accept the reality of others, but he has surely gone wrong in writing a whole play to defend the escapism, the false innocence, of these people. If he must write such a play, the proper title is *Before the Fall,* in reference to Quentin's sharing of Adam's innocence.

The others all court Quentin, partly out of love and partly out of a desire to shift their guilt to his blameless and unburdened shoulders. Women bless him and beg to kiss his feet. His mother tries to win him by cataloguing his father's faults, and his father tries to claim him for the business world; in addition to their more casual betrayals of their perfect son, they notably fail to take him to Atlantic City. (Revenge is sweet: grown to man's estate, he abruptly informs his ailing father of his mother's death.) Politics is represented as a very interesting activity—for other people. Quentin, a lawyer, defends an old friend who is an ex-Communist; his client, subsequently a suicide, quarrels bitterly with another old friend, a man who wants to name names before a Congressional investigating committee. Quentin manages to stand outside this quarrel, and, of course, he feels no guilt toward either of his friends.

This paragon's first wife nags him unmercifully for no reason, and, after he has dropped her (and, apparently, their child) for another woman, she meanly refuses to smile back at him in a surrealistic sequence. His second wife, specifically selected for her resolute innocence, turns out to be a nymphomaniac, a heavy drinker, an addict of sleeping pills, and a sort of lunatic. Worst of all, she charges him with some sort of responsibility for something, for anything. He ingeniously preserves his innocence by *not* taking her sleeping pills away from her. That leaves all the guilt with her, where it belongs. He finds consolation with his third wife, a German woman who ignores German guilt. She is the perfect helpmeet, for she is not resolutely, but aggressively, innocent.

Quentin is a convincing portrait of a poltroon whose main aim in life is passing the buck. The third wife might be an audaciously satirical caricature of his dream girl. Unhappily, these characters were not so intended, and the play is seriously marred by the presence of numerous pointers directing us to wrong interpretations.

Some of the family quarrels have a certain surface authenticity; the political quarrels sound abstract and unreal, but the abstractness and unreality of Quentin's heroic aura are more serious because they infect the whole play. Elia Kazan's production conveys the surface realities. Mariclare Costello is properly shrewish as the first wife; as the second, Barbara Loden does an acceptable imitation of Marilyn Monroe. As the third wife, Salome Jens is too good to be true to reality; Zohra Lampert wisely plays another of Quentin's worshippers for laughs. In the lead, Jason Robards, Jr., succeeds best when he is mocking serious people—understandably, since the man he plays is not a serious person. The new Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center in Washington Square is a beauty; its flexible apron stage deserves better use.

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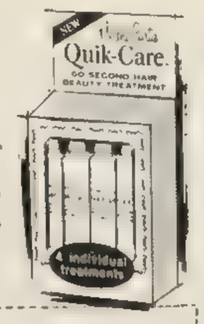
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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Checkup on beauty now in Europe

Every hand-luggage cart in every airport in Europe is loaded with wig boxes. . . . Dressing for evening continues to be a production, with hairdressers at the resorts open later than ever at night, their salons crammed with clients with 8 P.M., 9 P.M. appointments. . . . Skin looks marvellous. Even in the darkest nightclubs you can't miss it: it glows. . . . At the ski resorts, faces are greased and ready for the slopes by ten in the morning—hotels supplying gratis the face film. Also routine hotel-room equipment suddenly: small cakes of Europe's greatest soaps as well as vials of an indigo-blue liquid to froth and colour the bath-water Mediterranean blue. . . . Eyes are clear. It may be the spirits (one mild new drink, via England, Cointreau rocked over ice in a brandy snifter); or it may be the fresh air or the passion for an eye drop called Couleur Bleue. . . . All over Europe, at the drop of a face, women reel off the names of plastic surgeons and discuss their special fortes ("the best man for eyelids . . . throat . . . chin") as if the surgeons were name dressmakers. And among this specialized couture group there's now a trend toward leaving brow-furrows undoctored—character and all that. . . . As to which colour is smartest, lipstick is all over the lot now. . . . Ditto, nail enamel. . . . Faces are unpowdered at forehead and cheeks. There's a step-up in pedicuring. . . . And saunas have taken over like Beatles. . . . However:

Watch this switch

The most spellbinding international beauty news at present concerns a switch—a directional change in the flow of beauty news. Used to be that Europe fed the U.S.A. new beauty fashions, and to a degree, this still goes on. The Romans are still major make-up innovators; the Swiss and Danes still achieve breakthroughs with pharmaceutical beauty finds; Germany is splendid at formulae, may come along with clever new perfumery; France as always sets a standard in colour, scent, and the sight of art triumphing over nature; and English women, with their fresh complexions and new chic, are more than ever the most beautiful women on earth. But suddenly the outflow of U.S.A. beauty ideas equals the intake. One recent proof: for the first time in memory, Paris mannequins are flower-faced rather than flour-faced. Reason? Exactly one and a half years after its introduction in the U.S.A., Revlon's Blush On has hit Paris and changed its face. . . .

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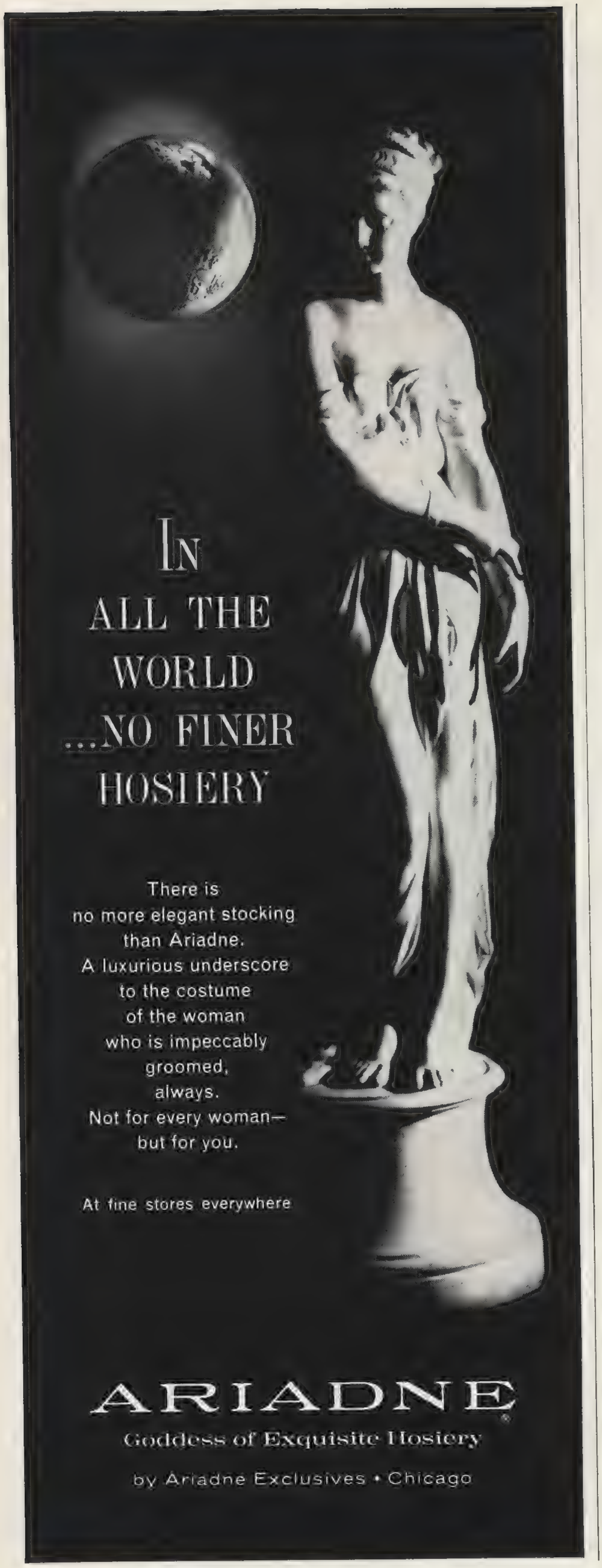
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books

BY JEAN STAFFORD

The Martyred, "mined with enigmas"

Richard E. Kim, at the beginning of his novel, *The Martyred* (George Braziller), quotes from Hölderlin, ". . . I pledged my heart to the grave and suffering land, and . . . I promised to love her faithfully until death, and . . . never to despise a single one of her enigmas." Then, through the eyes of young Captain Lee, ROK intelligence officer, he explores the labyrinthine ways, mined with enigmas, through which the individual conscience is obliged to fumble in time of war. The setting is Korea, but, in a larger sense, the battlefield is the *terra incognita* where truth is everlastingly embattled.

Captain Lee, a university instructor until the war, is inflexibly dedicated to the proposition that the truth must be sovereign. Confronted by a religious enigma further shrouded by political ramifications, he is confounded to discover that there can be a difference between "truth" and "the truth."

Captain Lee's chief, Colonel Chang, has assigned the young man to investigate the arrest by the Communists in Pyongyang, capital of the North, of fourteen Christian ministers and the execution of twelve of them. Why were two exempted? Had they bargained with the enemy, double-crossed their brethren and their God? Lee must find the answer to this question and he must, if possible, find out how the murdered men behaved in their last hours. It would be inestimably useful to have them officially declared martyrs.

The actual fate of the slain ministers can be learned only from the two survivors. Of these, Mr. Hann, the younger, is mad, demented beyond communication by the nightmare in which his colleagues perished. Mr. Shin is unfathomably complicated. At first he says that he and Mr. Hann had been separated from the others and did not see them shot. Captain Lee pursues: *why* had they been separated? Says Mr. Shin, "It was through divine intervention." Later, in an inexplicable about-face, he admits that he *did* witness the execution.

The Captain, exasperated, implores the minister to tell the truth. Mr. Shin asks, "My young friend, has it ever occurred to you that they may not want the truth?"

The ROK takes prisoner Communist Major Jung who fired the shots that killed the twelve, and Colonel Chang arranges a convocation of clergymen to hear from the butcher's lips what happened. Major Jung, knowing that he himself will be shot, tells his audience, ". . . your great heroes and martyrs died like dogs. . . . It pleased me to hear them beg for mercy, to hear them denounce their God and one another." He did not shoot Mr. Hann because the poor devil had gone crazy, and he did not shoot Mr. Shin because, "He was the only one who had enough guts to spit in my face."

Neither denying nor confirming Jung's evidence, the mysterious Shin holds a special service at his church and to his edgy flock he exalts the martyrs in the Christ-like humility with which they endured their tortures and the abounding grace in which they died.

Mr. Shin's pernicious secret is at last revealed to Captain Lee. Shin is a man of total despair and his clerical cloth a hopeless masquerade. "All my life I have searched for God . . . but I found only man with all his sufferings." And after death? "Nothing!" But his compassion is depthless and he must hide his thorns and his cross; and out of mercy, he must lie, must promise his wretched people that they will be welcomed to a mansion and a banquet to cancel out the perdition and hunger of their circumstance on earth.

Captain Lee does not renounce his allegiance to truth, but he sees that it is not a single, fixed, inviolable cell but an organism vastly inharmonious and protean in which frailty and strength are sometimes allies.

While Mr. Kim does not write of war as Tolstoi did, or Stephen Crane, or Hemingway, he earns his laurels as a writer about war; and although his argument is moral, he does not sit in judgment and never slides into preaching cadences. His prose is as clean and unencumbered as a blade of grass.



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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Aged exotica for the de-aging of modern faces

"The nature of the herbs aloe is to hele woundes," wrote William Turner, the sixteenth-century English botanist. Long before Turner—indeed, as long ago as 3,500 years ago in Egypt—this spiny-leafed, cactus-like lily made its name as a cure-all. Almost a staple in the backyards of Southern Florida now, the aloe plant has—as always—in its succulent leaves a transparent gel that is called upon for every manner of first aid, from the healing of burns to the soothment of ulcers. Incorporating *aloe vera*, the "true" aloe, into ointments and creams was never possible until chemists mastered the stabilization of the inner pulp. Once accomplished, this opened up this thrilling possibility: the use of aloe's healing, softening, moisturizing, and skin-improvement facilities in cosmetics. Which is now the province of some brilliant laboratories called Aloe Creme, which have put the wondrous gel into a group of cosmetics with a cheering fan club. Among the cosmetics: Alo-Vitalizing Skin Cleanser; Moisture Plus for dry skins; Alo-Face, a moisturizer for all skins, especially for oily ones; Alo-Beauty Matte make-up, a foundation and powder in one; and things for suntans and burns about which we hear remarkable stories. (We were all the more taken with the aloe news when we learned that the plant itself lives for a hundred years—nourished by its own gel.) At Altman's.

Time off for good behaviour

That the hair's good behaviour takes time off a face we don't have to tell you here. What we do have to tell you is about a new assistant to the poise and conduct of hair that comes as part of a hair spray already a famous help in its own right in matters of hair demeanour. The new thing is Protex, a protein texturizer that has been added to Style Hair Spray with this in the mind of the chemist: Protein has an affinity to hair, and protein applied along with the spray builds body. Added body is added manageability, and we like to think of spraying as such a salubrious event. Style Hair Spray, Protex within it, in Super and Regular strengths.

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MARCH 15, 1964

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW: PARIS EXCITEMENT— WHAT'S COMING HERE

Coming first—before a single fashion arrives in the shops: the *feeling* of Paris this spring. And the feeling is: Paris overjoyed—gay and pretty, full of coquetry... and full of delicious ideas. From the top of the head—where we've already begun to feel a craving for a square-brimmed Fragonard hat—all the way down. Which brings us to Roger Vivier's divine new shoes at right: checkered crocodile, the checks painted on by hand in black and beige... a little tie at the throat, heels slightly curved in at the back, and the softest eighteenth-century toes—rounded and flat to the ground. They'll be jetting over here presently; but the feeling for them is in the air this second. Mark our words—and watch these pages—there's a real rush of reptile on the way into fashion now. (These particular reptile shoes, of Fleming-Joffe leather, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue.) More about the infectious Paris feeling on the next eighteen pages.

DAVID BAILEY





PARIS

THE RETURN OF COQUETRY

Paris is a triumph of coquetry this spring. In a thousand personal ways, each house glories in the return to fashion of the ravishingly pretty woman. And as we relish the ways, an irresistible image projects: a woman with a gentleness about her, a certain mystery; she looks young and adorably helpless—and she looks ready for anything. All devilish innocence, she's the very essence of Paris itself: a twentieth-century place lit everywhere by the gaiety, the perfectionism, and the charm of the eighteenth century. You are aware of it constantly: in the Place de la Concorde, where the regilding of the Obelisk base is the task of a single workman, ferried by crane, dabbing a single gold leaf at a time; the manicure of the century! . . . At St. Laurent, where the *petites mains* in their white cotton smocks crowded to the "seventh-heaven" atelier windows, waving and cheering as we left, sensing—so rightly—the overwhelming success that had just taken place. We cheered in return: for the pureness and subtlety of the tailoring—never an abrupt line, always the feeling of supplest cloth shaped over the body—in his narrow day dresses and coats, in evening sheaths half-seen through gauzy cages that swing over them in the most seductive way. His moving suit-skirts with their low, unexpected spacing of pleats. The touches of white so heartbreakingly fresh and pristine you gasped as they went by—the cleanest sliver of white linen cuffs under black suit-sleeves . . . big white linen over-collars on navy-blue jackets, and acres of white-silk lining inside . . . little curved organdie turtlenecks on black wool day dresses. And the scarfs that sailed like happy banners through this collection—through Paris—tied high, to the side, always showing a glimpse of skin. The white gardenias that bloomed everywhere in Paris: on big romantic hat-brims, on narrow velvet neckbands, on collars, on cuffs. The preoccupation with the tiniest details that one felt in every house: At 31 Rue Cambon, a mannequin enters, the lithe and adventurous Chanel-lilt to her walk. Her head is enchanting—thick long bangs tangling with eyelashes; eyes simply enormous; the rest of her hair is pulled back neatly and held by a Cadogan bow of black taffeta. She is wearing—with the collar turned up a bit—one of those pale pretty tweeds of Chanel. Its edges are all whipped in black wool, and the effect is unbelievably appetizing—at once sharp and misted, like a Chinese watercolour. Surely this is enough. But suddenly the girl turns and, just for an instant, your eye is caught by the underside of the collar: it is covered entirely in the whitest silk. And in this small, perfect thing; this delicate flash of coquetry; this luxe that might remain one woman's secret forever—you have the image that all of Paris conveys this spring: every man's dream of a woman and every woman's own, very private vision of herself.

CHANEL COQUETRY—THE TIERED SKIRT

This tiered black wool, with its very close jacket and its restrained little ripple of seductiveness, is the great new thrill of Chanel's private clients—her most completely personal dress, and a marvel of balance. Waist to hip, hip to thigh—the proportion is made on the body, different for each, perfect every time. Pure Chanel: vertical stitches holding the wool; tiers like miniature skirts—silk-lined, weighted with chain. This spring: a big tipped-forward hat, Cadogan bow, chain tucked in a pocket under the heart.

HENRY CLARKE







CHANEL—A NEW EDGE TO HER TWEEDS

Chanel is the joy and the discipline of the young, forever thronged by protégées, eternally drilling them in her philosophy of allure. Anouk Aimée, Romy Schneider, Suzy Parker, Delphine Seyrig, Catherine Spaak—she understands completely how these amusing, pretty, modern young women want to look for the lives they lead. She tells them everything: when to wear their pearls; how long to cut bangs; how to manage the optimistic stance and the adventurous little spring of step that are the zest of Chanel coquetry. *Left:* Violet-and-green tweed plaided on the bias; new Chanel edges—whipped with the violet cloqué of the blouse. Skirt cut in sections, cut to move. Original imported by I. Magnin. Frechtel copies: Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. See Chanel coiffures: René Goujon. *Above:* Black wool whipped sharp around watercolour herringbones—white, violet, blue—and a chain-stitched blouse attached to the buttoned-on cloche-skirt. Everywhere here: holding ribs of tiny vertical stitches—one of Chanel's great gifts to tweeds.

HENRY CLARKE



CHANEL — NEW NAVY-BLUE COQUETRY

She is the muse of logic, high-priestess of luxe; the impresario of contemporary life whose dream is to flatter the world with the prettiest women, indelibly of their time. Each year the dream comes truer: now the uniquely feminine suit-shoulders are a jot smaller; skirts more beguiling than ever, bursting with movement, showing knees only when the mannequins twirl on their pale-stockinged legs, in the blond-and-black sling-back pumps. *Above:* Bold checks over bold plaid—Chanel's delicious mix of the new Paris formula. Navy-blue-and-white tweed and an abstract of white-and-black silk for the blouse, lining, facings; skirt flying along on low spaced pleats. At the ears, cuffs: Chanel half-daisies. *Right:* The Chanel of the Year—a touch of Regency in vertically stitched navy-blue tweed. Three high pink-ribbon buttons on an adorable little caress of jacket; Roman stripes flashing pink and green silk everywhere; pink blouse inside. Both suits here, copied by Seymour Fox for Saks Fifth Avenue in the original Chanel fabrics.

HENRY CLARKE

PARIS

PARIS

GERALDINE CHAPLIN IN PARIS—WHEN IT DRIZZLES

What do they do on a rainy day in Paris? At Simonetta and Fabiani they simply pour on the charm. Near right, their beige silk-poplin rainsuit. Zipped into its helmet: pure sunshine —the grin of Geraldine Chaplin, an adorable nineteen-year-old with the poetic prettiness of her mother, Oona O'Neill, and a quick delicate sense of clowning that instantly suggests her father. On her own: she is the new Paris love, a promising ballerina who danced, this season, in the Raymundo de Larrain production of Prokofiev's "Cinderella." Forneris silk suit, helmet: Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

The happy spring idea of Guy Laroche: pull on something terrifically gay, shiny, white—and forget about the rain. The coat will remember: it's quilted ciré, water-proofed. Geraldine Chaplin wears it—*and* the happy spring smile. Coat of Arnel-and-cotton (by Hurel) at I. Magnin.

WILLIAM KLEIN



LITHE LITTLE DRESSES: THE NEW SENSATION AT COURRÈGES

Spirited, clean-limbed dresses—as refreshing as a streak of luck—set off a transatlantic ripple of pleasure at Courrèges this spring. The superb cutting, the Corbusier sense of proportion marks his dresses now as clearly as it has always stamped his suits and coats. Lean, lithe, easy as beach-tunics, they have the shortest skirts in Paris—inches shorter than the Courrège skirts last autumn. With every dress, when he shows them: the balance of a hat the size of a guardsman's, the engaging boots of white glove-leather. Here, white wool dress, *far left*, with welt seams curving close to the body, a touch of sleeve. *Centre:* Courrèges-white in a dress of wool broadcloth with a yoke moving into small sleeves; a belt at hip-level. *Right:* Deep-ribbed white cotton shift with a double flick of pockets—low and flapped; smallest raglan sleeves. Kislav gloves. Boots by Delicata. All three dresses and the guardsmen-on-the-moon hats are at I. Magnin.

WILLIAM KLEIN



GABARDINE SHIRTCOAT AT RICCI; THE LONGEST JACKET AT DIOR

At Ricci: a bright new-to-the-couture designer, Gérard Pipart, and a wave of real gaiety—lovely colours, carefree clothes full of pluck and charm; all the pretty young things of Paris loved them. Left, here, in the supple gabardine that swept the collections, his buttonless beige shirtcoat tied in the most offhand way; shoulders dropped, some fullness at the front, every line rounded. Of wool and silk (Moreau fabric). White felt hat, with a gardenia on its big over-the-brow brim, at Bergdorf Goodman. Gloves by Kislav.

Two suit-loves has Dior: Bohan's short, really close-to-the-body bolero, and the long, straight, very dégagé cardigan that gives one the feeling of being dressed in the most perfect sweater and skirt on earth. Example, right: tabbed jacket in taut, lacy beige tweed; belted skirt pleated in front, flat in back; brown shantung blouse; and marvellous legs—lacy linen stockings in the suit colour. Suit of Lesur wool and Fibranne: I. Magnin. Matching beret: Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

WILLIAM KLEIN

PARIS





THE FIT OF PINK PLAID AT VENET; LAROCHE'S STITCHED PINK TWEED

Venet tailoring, left: one of the joys of Paris—sure and beautiful; the fabrics, as always, supreme. Here, in a tightly woven pink-to-raspberry plaid, his close-to-the-body suit with new Venet proportions: very long jacket; low pockets and a low-notched collar set really away from the neck; the flat back belted with a small rolled martingale. Skirt wrapped to the front, full of ease. Of wool by Carlotto.

Laroche is a charmer; everyone adores him—the young blithe gait of his clothes, his clean fresh colours, the downy tweeds held firm forever by ribs of vertical quilt-stitching. And, in a season where pink was everywhere, pink here was ravishing. One of his prettiest quilt-stitched pink tweeds: pale wool-and-mohair with a standing collar on the lightly-fitted jacket, a swell of fullness at the front of the skirt. Shantung overblouse in a deep-azalea pink, cuffed at the neck, tied in stitched ribbon. Leonard tweed; blouse of Lajoinie silk. In America: I. Magnin. Both pages: Kislav gloves; Alexandre coiffures.

WILLIAM KLEIN

PARIS



COVERED AND BARE— THE SHORT FLUENT CRÊPES OF CARDIN

From Cardin—where every dress is an adventure in ideas, and bareness is used as wittily as jewels in unexpected places—two of his most moving short evening dresses. Both are worn—as Cardin's favourite clothes always are—by the fragile Japanese model, Hiroko. At left, the purest white crêpe tunic, completely covered in front and poured on the bias to a handkerchief point. When it turns: a tantalizing glimpse of bareness through a long slivery cut-out. Fabric by Staron.

Cardin's nakedest back, right—presented like the most entrancing surprise. What the eye sees first: very covered clear-jade crêpe, a top of paper-fan pleats clinging to the front as though wind had blown it there. Bianchini fabric.



PARIS

PARIS



COQUILLES ST. LAURENT AND THE PIERROT CAGE

Wrapped in a flowered cloud, left, a long-sleeved pink sweater top covered with a mist of pale-grey tulle on which flowering fantasies of cellophane shells are perched in quivering clusters. All, pointing down into the folds of a long skirt of pink organza. Earrings twinkling above the clouds; rhinestone stars.

Dotted cage, flower-banded, right, an enchanting new evening shape of black-dotted white organza, with crowds of black silk roses banding the sleeves and dipped hem. The sheath inside, white Gazar with black satin bands. Earrings here, jet. Dresses, both pages: in America at I. Magnin. Coiffures by Alexandre.

WILLIAM KLEIN







PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

BARBARA LODEN and her approximation of Marilyn Monroe in Arthur Miller's play, *After the Fall*. Only hermits by now have not heard of her. She is the target of the first big heralding of an unknown this season. She is the target of the first big inquisition of a new actress by the press. She won this curious prize through her long, excruciating rôle, played with an abnormal range from sexy innocence to self-destruction, in Miller's exploration of his own life perplexities. Oddly enough, Miss Loden, whose own voice is rather like the celebrated one of Miss Monroe, without the breathlessness, has had a short career; one movie, *Splendor in the Grass*, some acting lessons, a marriage, two children, and then the fattest dramatic part of a miserable season. She was born thirty years ago in North Carolina where, she has said, "My father's a hillbilly, see." Although pleased and confused by the splash of attention, she understands the simple workings of that attention, the Monroe gossip behind it, the feeling that audiences have of looking through the windows, like massed Peeping Toms, at someone's private life. Part of the power of Miss Loden's performance is that the revelation is almost too much. By now the Loden-Monroe image is so indelible that Miss Loden may have difficulty getting back to herself.

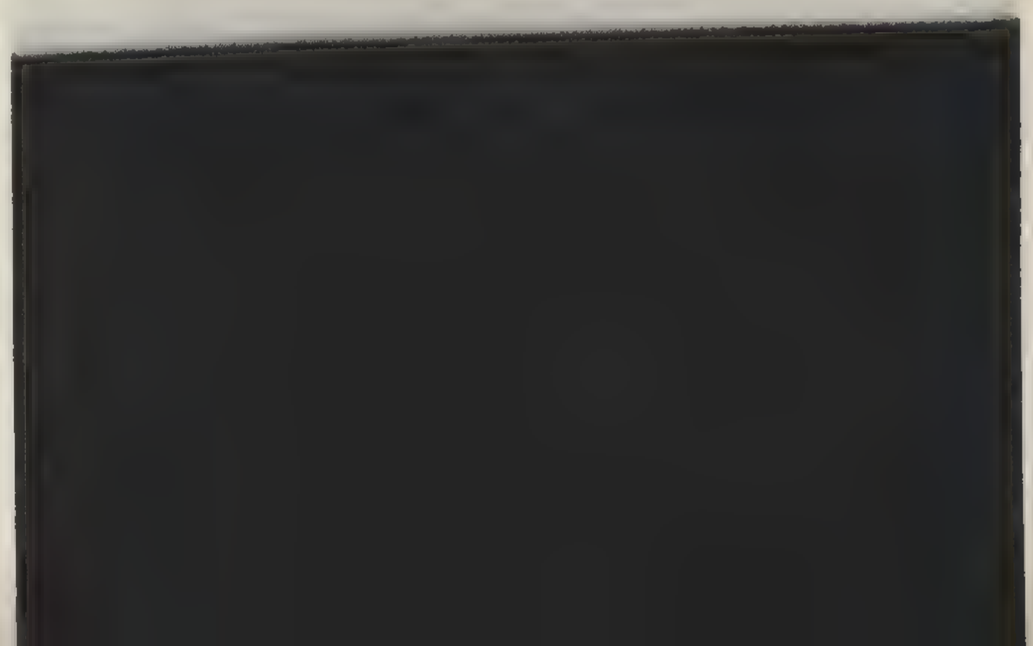
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The renewed importance of the primaries. . . . Senator Barry Goldwater's analysis of his friendly relationship with Governor Rockefeller: "I use his gas and he uses my taxes."... In Paris, the new Jacques Demy musical movie, *Les Parapluies de Cherbourg,* a masterpiece that may well count in the history of cinema, partly because of its colour, unreal, poetic, and audacious without being pretty or natural, rather as though a *Fauve* painter had done the town; partly because of the curious atmosphere of the whole picture—healthy, tactful, clean, touching, rather like, as a critic wrote, "an invigorating massage of the soul."

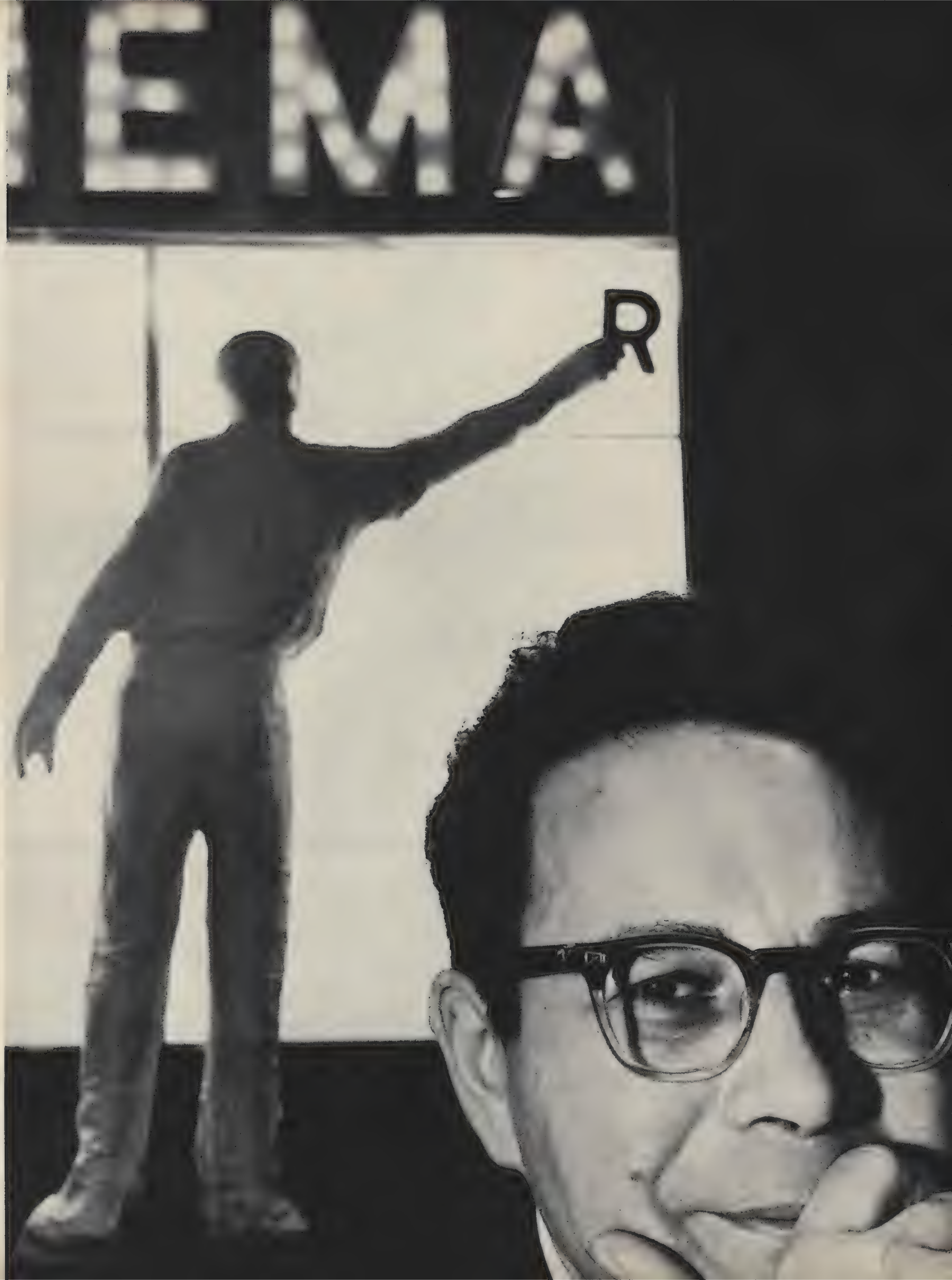
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . John Ogdon, a fat marvellous English pianist whose technical skills are surpassed only by his musicianship. . . . Menthol-flavoured plastic cigarettes (no tobacco, no smoke) that are in essence adult pacifiers. . . . Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole in *Becket,* a movie in which they put on a commanding duel of can-you-top-this bravura, played against great brooding expanses of Technicolor, splendid with twelfth-century detail. . . . The sudden, nostalgic turn towards remembrances of old radio programs—"The Green Hornet," "The Shadow," "Jack Armstrong," "Inner Sanctum," accompanied by quiz conversation asking for the name of the Green Hornet's companion, of the Shadow. . . . *Hissing Tales,* the new Romain Gary collection of short stories, in which Gary details malice and duplicity with detachment until, poking at his own coolness, he twists around rather like a painter blacking a tooth in a self-portrait. . . . In London, the public's love affair with a fresher group than the Beatles—Freddie and The Dreamers.

GEORGE SEGAL, a new realist, is an artist with an eccentric method of sculpture and the internal power to impose his compelling vision on museums, collectors, and galleries that range from Brazil to Sweden. These days, that impassioned, satisfying but curious reality that is not real has been seen in Paris, Düsseldorf, Stockholm, the Museum of Modern Art in New York, the Sidney Janis Gallery, where this photograph was taken, and at the factory of the Schweber Electronics company. His black room, with the word Cinema in red lights and the plaster figure back-lighted, has just been bought by the Albright-Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo. (Segal's head shows here at the entrance.) In fact, this room is the realization of Segal's simple, reasonable, and logical intentions. "I put figures and objects into a space, and then invite you to walk within that space and encounter these figures in many different relationships. The air between the objects, its density, is just as much a part of the whole as the solid objects." What is odd is Segal's method. For "Cinema" he wrapped a friend of his—a machinist—in cheesecloth squares dipped in plaster of Paris, let the cheesecloth set, then removed the whole thing to reassemble the fragments into a figure about an eighth-of-an-inch larger than the machinist. After a long bout with abstraction, which had led him to a painting impasse, he took up chicken farming in New Jersey and later taught high-school students English and mechanical drawing. A man of unconscious attractiveness, light humour, and easy laughter, Segal at thirty-nine has found a route to doing what he wants with, in Melville's phrase, "pasteboard reality."





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AMERICAN EVENING CUSTOM— NEW DRIFTS

Sheer gauzy silk, yard over yard of it—shaped close or floating free—in evening dresses of ethereal allure by one of the most celebrated allure-makers going: Sophie. *Opposite,* a dress of bright-pink silk marquisette with deep folds over the bosom, a lifted waist, a skirt that floats in bias layers—the top layer, paler pink. More gauziness: the yards-long stole with a scattering of beaded tassels. Coiffure by Alain of the Saks Fifth Avenue Salon. *At left,* silk chiffon over silk surah, both printed in salmon-pink flowers on brightest green. On the chiffon bodice, added flowers cut from the surah and appliquéd; a few more of these float, occasionally, along the chiffon overskirt. Drifting over all, a long chiffon stole. The coiffure by Evans of the Saks Fifth Avenue Salon. Both dresses by Sophie, custom made at Saks Fifth Avenue.





AMERICAN EVENINGS: THE SEPARATES IDEA

The look that's an American passion this season—gala evening dresses with the delicious nonchalance of separates —here, at its most ravishing. Soft little wool jersey "sweaters"; straight stoles and sweeping skirts in heavy grained satin and the contrast of smooth brilliant satin at the waist. Both dresses, from Norman Norell's spring collection. *Left:* Bright-green jersey in an ambiance of apple-green and magenta satin. Bonwit Teller: Nan Duskin: Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Hattie Carnegie earrings. Kislav gloves. Kenneth coiffures. *Right:* Pale-beige jersey tied in China-pink satin; yards of grained taupe satin everywhere else. Dawnelle gloves. All: Bergdorf Goodman. Dress: Wanamaker's, Phila.; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. On both pages: silk satin by Staron.

HORST

AMERICAN STYLE:

LINEN

The timing was, actually, February 15 of last year when we reported the news of dry, grainy crisp-weave fabrics—first in Paris, then in great fashion everywhere. Latest bulletin: best yet. As of now, the news is not only in the weaving but in the handling: linens and their exciting new look-alikes are now being moulded, seamed, weighted, lined, firmed, interfaced—in other words, they're worked into the kind of long-season clothes that, up to this moment, have happened mostly in wool. We love this new clothes-idea. We predicted it. We show it, here and on the next six pages, ten different ways for day. Great shift looks, left, in all-rayon fabric with the colour and glossy graininess of sand. Here, high patch pockets, high revers, black leather string sash. By Adele Simpson; about $110. Ascot by Emily Wetherby. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Julius Garfinckel; L. S. Ayres; Sakowitz. The gloves are by Dawnelle. Linen looks, turtleneck pull, right, a two-piece dress of oatmeal linen with shell top, air-cooled turtleneck, eased camisole skirt. By Tiffeau & Busch, of Moygashel linen; about $90. Earrings by Jeanne. Both at Henri Bendel. Dress, also at Halle Bros. Gloves by Hansen. Both pages: Halston hats, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

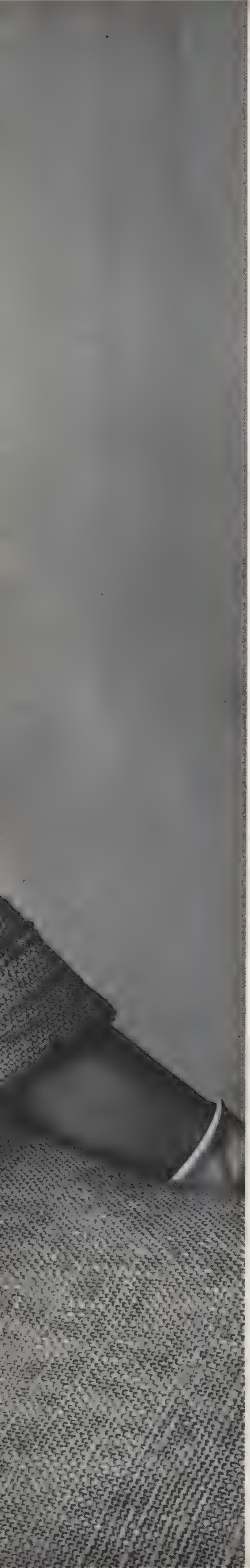
PENN

AND LINEN WEAVES
WITH A GREAT SENSE
OF TIMING

AMERICAN STYLE—
CERISE LINEN SUITS
WITH A GREAT
SENSE OF TIMING

Two of the great linen suits around now, in bright cerise-red—tailored with narrow, controlled lines; the fabric, a fairly even weave of thick threads with a slight glaze that accents texture, colour. Cerise linen, wraparound shape, left, a suit with a short raglan jacket that shows nearly all of a wide-hemmed wraparound skirt. Unseen, a blouse of pink silk shantung. Suit by Gustave Tassell, of Orceyre linen, at Lord & Taylor; Harold's. Lilly Daché hat. Suit and hat: Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Linen blazer looks, right, a suit with double-breasted jacket, pointed revers, sleeveless over-blouse, skirt with slit pockets. By Frechtel; about $160, at Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Halston hat, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Both pages: gloves by Marcel Wagner; jewellery from Van Cleef & Arpels Boutique. Lipstick: Pink Dove, glossed over by Be Brilliant; both by Scandia.





AMERICAN STYLE— LINEN-WEAVE TIMING

Tweed shape, silk triangle, left. Threads of heavy-string weight in blue and beige, woven into tweed for a raglan cardigan, a skirt attached to a blue silk-chiffon top. The triangle scarf: blue chiffon. By Seymour Jacobson, of rayon, acetate, and cotton tweed by M & W Thomas; about $125. At Hattie Carnegie; Jordan Marsh, Fla.; Frost Bros. Richelieu earrings. Hat by Lilly Daché. Linen chalked up, above right, whitest white in a suit with longer double-breasted jacket, low slanted pockets. To add: a beige scarf. Suit by Larry Aldrich, of Moreau linen; about $185. Scarf by Emily Wetherby. Both, at Bonwit Teller. Suit, also at Burdine's. Gloves by Dawnelle. Hat by Lilly Daché. Long torso, braid-buttoned, right. Light-blue linen dress with a top that extends to the hipbones, gathered skirt with a deep walking pleat. This by Donald Brooks for Townley, of Moreau linen; about $190. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. Laguna necklace. Fownes gloves. Hattie Carnegie hat.

PENN



AMERICAN STYLE— THE TIME-SENSE OF NEW PALE WEAVES

It's the sense of precise shaping and tailoring, of new crisp weaves that tailor into great day looks to wear any time now. Two suits here—one sleeveless in white shadow-woven checks; one in a pale clay-coloured fabric with the surprise touch of satin. White with a great sense of shape, left. Rayon-and-silk woven into big glossy chicken-wire checks—all white. Beautifully moulded, firmed, seamed to a sleeveless suit-shape with high revers, panelled front, eased skirt. By Ben Zuckerman; about $245. Hansen gloves. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit, also at Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus; Neusteters. Knize scarf. Halston hat made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Hopsacking, right, with news in the fact that it's made of Fibranne with a grainy weave, a terrific weightiness, into a marvellous suit with U-shaped seamwork at the jacket front, curved-up shirt vents at the sides. Pale beige, with an overblouse of white slubbed silk sashed at the front in deep brown satin. By Sarmi, of Fibranne by Staron. To order at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Marvella earrings, at Bonwit Teller. Hat by Lilly Daché.

PENN



VOGUE PATTERNS



VOGUE PATTERN 6154

Two dresses from the same pattern—both of them relaxed shifts in prints that are a blaze of colour. This is the kind of dress you want more than one of—travels like a breeze and arrives at its destination as unruffled as it was on the hanger. And makes you look and feel as cool as a glass of iced tea. *Opposite:* Clean slice of lemon yellow sharpened with flowers and fruit in pink, blue, and green. With slightly extended shoulders, a straight-line approach to the waist. Kislav gloves, at Best & Co. *Above:* The same round-necked shift—this time in black splashed with pink and red flowers—with an Empire drawstring tie that's just a matter of two little slots. Both dresses are of Arnel jersey (Wamsutta fabric) and are lined in China silk. Vogue Pattern 6154. Both pages: fabrics at Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Joseph Horne. Lilly Daché hats. Other views, sizes, yardages, on page 176.

THIS SPRING'S JERSEY— THE BRIGHTER, BOLDER PRINT









First Love, "heavily loaded with moonlight"

By Laurie Lee

It wasn't the discovery of sex, when I was a boy, that affected my life so much as the first occasion that I met it head on. . . .

I don't think I ever discovered sex, it seemed to be always there—a vague pink streak running back through the landscape as far as I can remember. This was probably due to my English country upbringing, where life was open as a cucumber-frame, and sex a constant force, like the national grid, occasionally boosted by thundery weather. There were the free, unpackaged animals and birds, constantly proving their tireless urges, all coolly encouraged and pandered to as one of the parish's more profitable drives. My childhood was cluttered with fumbling bees, loaded udders, and swelling fruit, with bellowing livestock, hypnotized hens, and bulls being led by the nose. Sex, in the country, was like grain in the wood, self-renewing as the daily paper, never obsessive, nor crowding the attention, but always going on if you cared to look for it.

On top of all this, I had three beautiful sisters who were my guardians from the cradle. They were about ten years my senior, their graceful presence in the house a daily reminder of the delicate difference. Plump, pink, with fuzzy arms and cheeks, each one was flavour-packed, huge, rounded worlds to touch and play with, smoothly warm the whole year round.

My sisters by no means took the mystery out of sex but at least they cleared the mind, being free with my clothes as sisters are, having to bathe me on Saturday nights, and towelling me down with occasional exclamations of praise, always encouraging to a growing boy. . . .

So the twisted shock of a sudden sex-dawning was not a problem I was asked to bear. My moment, after years of lazily inspecting the pitch, came when I was suddenly called on to play.

I couldn't have been more than fifteen at the time—I remember I had just left school. Our small Cotswold village was crammed with boys of my age, all coming to a head together—loose rangey lads, overgrown like weeds, top-heavy and multi-branched. We all seemed to steam or give off fumes like a furnace, heated more than we were wont to be heated, and, as there were few cars or motor-bikes to talk about, we were free to concentrate on sex.

Sex, and our questionable success at it, was the only status we sought, though virginity at that age, in spite of our boasted loss of it, was honoured more in the evasion than in the breach. So we squatted together in our rain-dark shed, painting the walls with (Continued on page 168)

BLACK LACE WITH A SPANISH FLAVOUR

One of the most romantic ideas in the world, *left*—black Chantilly lace . . . ruffled, scalloped, bared in back, with black satin tied high on the waist—the charm of a Goya maja. This is one of the appealing new Spanish-flavoured looks in America this spring. On the next two pages: blue in a powder-clear paleness, pink like Seville roses in April. All, from The Spanish Collection by Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman. The dress at left, about $130. Earrings by Accessocraft. Both at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. The dress here and the dresses on the two following pages, also at Hutzler's; Woodward & Lothrop; Burdine's; Gus Mayer; Joseph Horne; Joseph Magnin.

PENN



DAY LOOKS WITH SPANISH FLAVOUR

Clear-sky blue, right, a colour that's a rage from Madrid to New York this spring—in a thin wool dress with a bias-cut top, cowled and cross-seamed; straight skirt. Bellaine fabric. About $60. Richelieu necklace and Marcel Wagner kidskin gloves, at Bergdorf Goodman. Lipstick in a pink that's raging with a power it hasn't had in quite a while: World's Fairest Pink by Helena Rubinstein. Décolletage, the daytime idea, left: squared off by a stitched-in modesty and framed by a very narrow notched collar. The waistline is slightly lifted, bowed, and the colouring is delicious—pink with the deep blushy warmth of Seville roses. Of grainy silk by William Rose. About $70. Both dresses by Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. These, and the dress two pages back, also: Montaldo's; Rich's; Halle Bros.; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings by Richelieu. Kislav gloves. Both pages, Lilly Daché hats: Neiman-Marcus.



BEAUTY BULLETIN

BEAUTY NOTES FROM ALL OVER...OR WHAT THE SMARTEST WOMEN IN THE WORLD MAKE OF THE HAIR NEWS NOW...

If you can't make a fashion decision right now without first deciding about hair, this—very briefly—is what you might remind yourself about: there has been a hair revolution, and we'll never go back to where we were before it began. We will never see thin hair again. Never see poor hair again. Never see the day when choice of a way to wear the hair depends upon "the kind of hair" you have. If you want to have your hair cut short as a boy's and curled, do. If you want it long and straight, have it that way. If you want it fringed with bangs, or brushed lopsided, or done round as a grape, or square with pigeon-toed guiches, or wrapped up in a cook's knob (which can be marvellously elegant), go ahead. There are three requirements for hair to look of-the-present: it must look thick, clean, fit. And—it will be a convenience, though not a necessity, if it can be made to work with hairpieces of some sort for evening. That is, a guiche; a set of lovelocks or *tirabaci;* or, heroine of the moment, an Escaping Curl. . . .

Now that the spring collections are complete the whole world over, we have further concluded this: every woman ought to have more than one way of wearing her hair—and there's no reason why one of those ways shouldn't be romantic. This is the era of the ravishingly pretty woman, and it seems to us that any beauty change or non-change that doesn't contribute to this image, we'd forget. We ourselves would keep a collection of little hairpieces so varied in their specialties they'd actually outnumber for sheer tone, texture, shape, and application, a life's work in jewel collecting. And, we'd listen, mind open, to the truth about teasing, which is, as one New York hairdresser put it, as follows: "If teasing went out yesterday, it was back this morning at nine o'clock when the salon opened." A realist, he admits that while the *look* of teasing has died, died, died, the benefits have not. . . . The new teasing gives spring and bulk to hair, but doesn't look aerated or frothy. And there's quite a difference.

Listen to two young women who couldn't be smarter about what they're about—both New York elegantes, both in Egypt as we go to press: "We look ghastly with the little tiny head. Personally, we loathe strands and ends and find at night that if you don't fuss with your hair, don't have ends to twirl and finger, your hair goes home looking absolutely perfect, and stays that way. We like hat-shaped hair, Nefertiti hair, a loaf *thickened with teasing* that's done the new way—with a brush—and smoothed down. To this we can add fake swirls and long pieces."

About hairpieces. There are guiche-shaped ones. Sausage-curl ones. Fat, pillowy puffs of hair. Profile curls that rise like cockscombs and narrow at the nape. There are, for likers of the new curl, headbands with snap-on side locks that can be exceedingly curly (teacher's pet at Alexandre), or combed into any shaped-up curl-shape you like. In Paris, wherever Alexandre has set his hand, hair is shorter, curlier, girlier. (When his first curl class was graduated some two months ago, we understand shrieks could be heard clear to the Madeleine.) Nevertheless, no matter how his private clients may have felt about having their hair chopped off and curled, when his short curled hair made its début in the polished calm of the Dior salon, it looked charming with its neat bunches of waves springing out at either side, its schoolgirl division of smooth scalp, and shiny, bouncy clusters of curl right and left. (Do these clusters fit into a hat? Yes, or poke out of it.)

At St. Laurent, hair was long enough to be combed into a chignon at the back for day, and escape day or night into occasional single ringlets. See page 94, this issue, for a St. Laurent collection note on hair: hair with a (Continued on following page)

HAIR WITH THE NEW IDEA: ROMANTIC

A little guiche, a bit of curl, and you've got it: hair moving into a ravishingly pretty line. Coiffed by Enrico Caruso during a recent visit to New York, Mrs. Robin Douglas-Home, whose hair, in its glowing condition, in its ashy blond shade, gives a hairdresser the kind of material a hairdresser can work with. (If it weren't this great, Clairol's instant Condition would give it sheen and body and combability; if it weren't this colour, Clairol's Taupe Pearl could make it so.) Dress, puffed silk in what may be the loveliest shade a dress could be this spring: pale Nile green. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's. Necklace: eight cabochon turquoises set in petals of gold and diamonds on a flexed chain of baguette diamonds—so many diamonds, so finely set, that in the hand the necklace appears to be completely diamond-lined. By Schlumberger of Tiffany.

PENN

BEAUTY BULLETIN

BEAUTY NOTES FROM ALL OVER...WHAT SMART WOMEN MAKE OF THE HAIR NEWS...

(Continued from preceding page) strong romantic bent. At Simonetta and Fabiani, curls framed the face or profiled it via curly cockscombs. Ditto at Laroche. At Capucci, the collection's coiffeur gave the evening silhouette a nineteenth-century wreath of curls set low on the forehead, flat on top, like a flattened offering of curls on an oval platter.

At Chanel's collection, to the contrary, and in London—where Vidal Sassoon, one of the four most influential hairdressers in the world at the moment, is the young lion—curls per se are dug the least. Chanel's mannequins wore eye-deep bangs at front, George Washington clubs of hair at back, the latter fixed neatly with big faille bows or a single flower. In London, the Sassoon addicts—wearers of the witty clothes of Mary Quant, Emmanuelle Khanh, and Chanel copies—will continue to have their hair cut short at back, falling from a high point at the crown, and descending with the chin-line to swing forward into a chunk on the cheek. "To do otherwise is to look back to the Thirties," according to Sassoon. "I'm looking forward to the Seventies. . . . Since good haircutting has just become a world-wide factor in hairdressing, why take a backwards step?" Sassoon is not against evening hairpieces, fixes them as a spout of coquetry (1970 brand) at the top of the head, or opens them up like a second silhouette of huge loose ringlets over the clean taut haircut that shows beneath. At this moment, he's at work on a new plan: square curls.

In New York, Kenneth felt the cut-and-curl trend many months ago, and said, "Straight hair has to be done too often to suit most women. You can't blame them for asking for something easier to live with." At the same time, Kenneth began to devise his night-switch for short hair—one of the first escaping curls we'd seen this time around was a faux curl which he pinned loosely at one side of a smooth head.

Don't think every head at Kenneth's is getting the short-and-curly treatment. Gloria Vanderbilt (now Mrs. Wyatt Cooper), a Kenneth fan, has never looked more charming than she does right this minute—her hair is completely round, cut small and close at the nape, curved out in a very round fringe of bang at the front; marvellous with her round features—round mouth, round nose, round eyes.

In Rome, where hair and make-up have to be discussed together because Roman women plan them together, hairpieces as basic equipment have multiplied, and make-up has strength- (Continued on page 171)







COUNTESS CRESPI: ONE WEEK'S HAIR

Reading right, four of the one dozen ways Countess Consuelo Crespi might wear her one head of hair within the span of a single week. Beginning with ash-brown hair of about shoulder length, and using toupets for all they're worth, this is how Sergio of the Eve of Rome salon has worked it out. . . . At top, directly right, for the beach: hair pulled tight with a pigtail attached to the back of the head. Centre right, for evening, a romantic coiffure reminiscent of Empress Eugénie: toupet attached at the back of a teased chignon. Below right, another evening: a widened braid fastened against a very tightly-drawn chignon. Far right, large photograph, Countess Crespi's basic coiffure—modern, easy, done in a matter of seconds: hair brushed over a toupet that gives body, lift; deep forward guiche pulled out below the ear; sometimes a little sideburn.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI

THE BOUTIQUE IDEA IN AMERICA

The boutique idea? The fun idea—all over the map: torrents of earrings from the U.S. (see left), raining two-to-an-ear...from the Street of the Capes in Madrid, one of those glorious circular affairs to fling like a whip around the body...a screeching-red ciré slicker from Rome, its collar up to the eyes...a divine white brocade pull from Givenchy's heaven-within-a-heaven on the Avenue Georges V. First stop: the most amusing American jewel-ideas—and a gay new face for evening. Torrents of earrings, left—gilt and glitter to the shoulder. By Napier. Each $30 plus tax. Saks Fifth Avenue. Polka-dotted glove, near right—brown and pale beige to the wrist; in nylon with a tight grainy pigskin texture. By Hansen, of Du Pont nylon. At Bloomingdale's. The woods are full of diamonds, far right—one domed rosewood ring dotted with diamonds; a big lone diamond sunk in the other; and a rosewood blade in a gold-handled letter-opener. All: Van Cleef & Arpels Boutique. The boutique idea in make-up—the openly ornamental evening face, making its first Vogue appearance, right (its second, next page). How to wear it is: bravely, like some spectacular piece of jewellery—for its colour, its design, its all-out decorativeness. Fabergé's ornamentations here: Porcelain Pink on the bone of the brow, Antique Gold on the eyelids, lips wearing Porcelain Pink lipstick; fingernails—a bouquet of white Gardenia.

BERT STERN





BOUTIQUE IDEAS IN AMERICA— THE ENAMEL JUNGLE, ORNAMENTAL MAKE-UP

The big cats here are riding the crest of a wave—the return of enamel with its molten pure-colour brilliance—in jewellery like a fantastic bestiary. David Webb's New York boutique is filled with it...plump green frogs pulled into bracelets ...sinuous jungle cats, jaws wide, with glowing cabochon-emerald eyes...sleek enamel zebras like a black and white streak around your wrist. On these two pages, a two-headed tiger, its links forming a single stretch of black-and-white enamelled gold body...pushmepullyou fashion. Each diamond-collared head with blazing emerald eyes, a stripe of pavé diamonds. And, far left, an enamel-spotted leopard, its gold body a cornucopia twist, fangs bared to clamp on its own tail. Here it's shown open, its clear emerald gaze fixed on an equally ravishing human eye—the bone of the brow, above the eyelid, misted with a sweep of fragile-pink shadow, the lid itself washed in fragile green; the look openly, entrancingly ornamental—indicating a whole new feeling for decorative make-up. Whose feeling? Ours for one, and—if you have an adventurous spirit, a real conviction of allure—yours. Look left for the news—apart from the ornamental eye, mouth and fingernails dressed in still more pink fragility. The look is from Elizabeth Arden, whose gifted make-up innovator—Pablo of the Elizabeth Arden salon in Rome—sketched out the idea especially for this issue of Vogue. The colours that make the look—make the difference—are ready now in the U.S.A., all of them, ornamentalisms marked "Fragile."

BERT STERN



1 2

BOUTIQUE IDEAS IN AMERICA: BLACK— WHERE THE SPARKLE IS

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1. Spray of rhinestone flowers hung with canary-rhinestone drops and pinned high on the shoulder of a black dress. By Eisenberg. $42*. To order at Henri Bendel. 2. Ring of bogus pearls, piled high and surrounded with rhinestones. By Robert Originals. $40*. At Saks Fifth Avenue. The evening bag in hand: a neat black moiré envelope. By Greta. $30*. At Bonwit Teller. Added glitter comes from a yellow rhinestone flower with a rhinestone centre. We've pinned it, like a clasp, on the evening bag. By K J L. $15*. At Saks Fifth Avenue. 3. Lavalière of large square rhinestones—a massive, round rhinestone for the centre—with a chain of bogus seed pearls hung with pear-shaped rhinestones. Marvellous at the neck of long, high-rising black, about which more later. By Richelieu. About $75*. At Lord & Taylor. 4. Rhinestone shoe buckle squared away for evening, shining on black silk. By Pavion. $10*. At Arnold Constable. *Opposite page, left:* Grey bogus crystal flowers—four to a bracelet—making a blaze of cuffs at the end of long black sleeves. By Vendôme. $50*. At Macy's. The romantic coiffure is crowned, just off centre, with two rhinestone-spotted tiger-lilies opening on pear-shaped bogus pearl centres—and pinned high. $125* each. At the Lilly Daché Boutique. *Far right:* the fluid black silk crêpe dress that carries all the sparkle on these two pages: covered, long, slightly trained. By Gustave Tassell. At Lord & Taylor. The coiffure is by Marc Sinclair of Pierre Henri. *PLUS TAX

BERT STERN

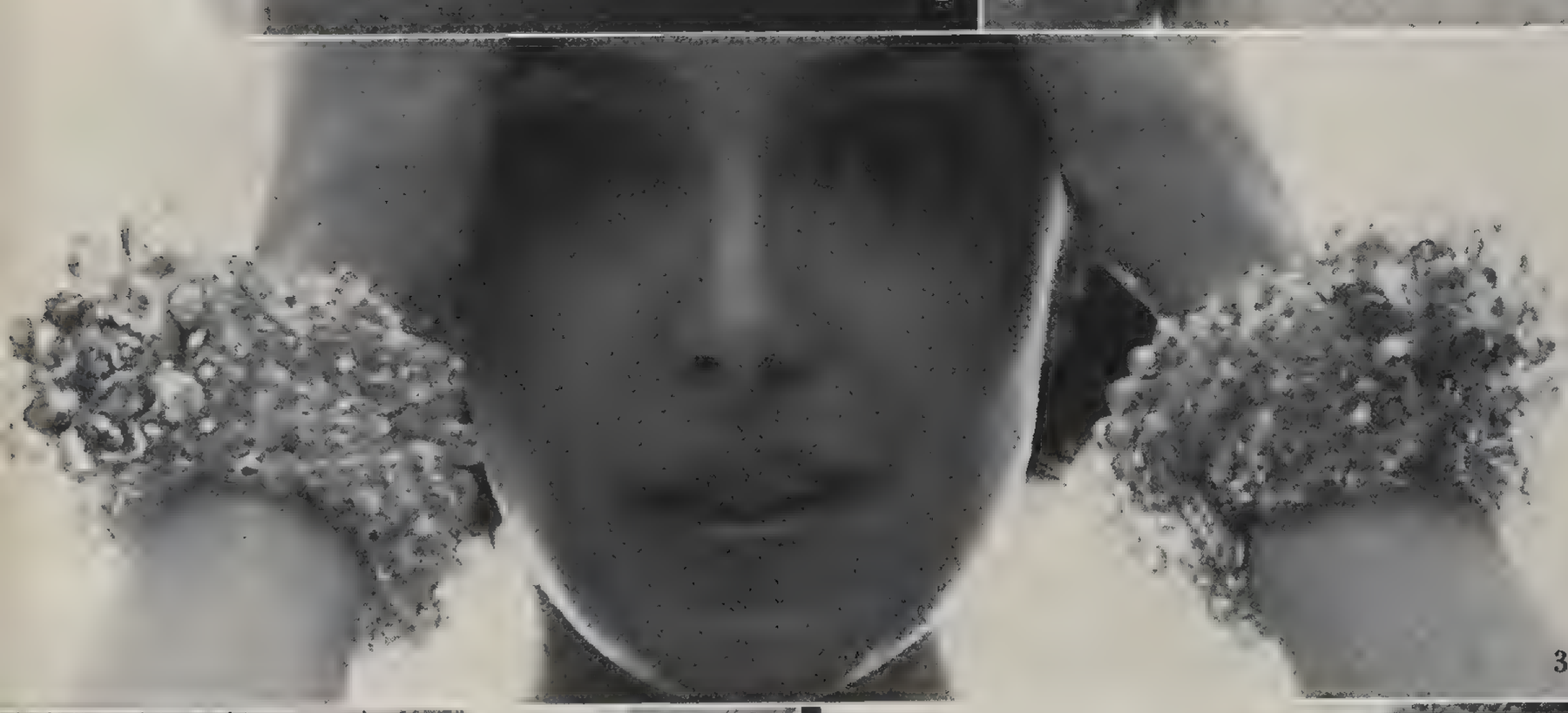




1



2



3



4



5



6

BOUTIQUE IDEAS IN AMERICA: LIGHT TOUCH



1. Flower of spiraling gilt wires on white grosgrain streamers. We like it pinned, as here, at the waist of a skirt, just on the hipbone. By Monet. $13*. At Bonwit Teller; Hudson's. 2. One good thing on top of another: hearts of turquoise beads ($80*) curved over another necklace—fake turquoise leaves veined in gilt ($50*). Both by Richelieu. At Lord & Taylor. (Dress by Tiffeau & Busch.) 3. Twists of pink crystal ($25* each), two to a wrist and latched with a pin of pink and green crystals ($50* each). By Laguna. Of Swarovski crystal. At Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's. 4. Champagne-coloured silk satin evening bag, folded over and covered with silk organdie. By Enger Kress. $8*. At Saks Fifth Avenue. The hand that holds it wears a big domed ring covered with tiny clustered coral-bead branches. By KJL. $6*. At Lord & Taylor. 5. Handbag of camel-coloured calfskin—roomy as a mail pouch—with a bamboo handle. By Josef. $100*. At Bergdorf Goodman. Eight-button glove of peanut-coloured glacé leather—the right length of glove for a suit sleeve that's inches below the elbow; the right colour for lilac tweed. By Crescendoe-Superb. $15. At Bonwit Teller. 6. Over-the-shoulder bag in white textured leather. It has swagger pockets, looks marvellous with black-and-white tweeds. The ringed strap adjusts to any length. By MM. About $36*. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Four-button ivory glacé leather gloves, for the longest suit-sleeves in fashion. By Crescendoe-Superb. $10. At Bonwit Teller. 7. In the news (this page): Camellias and gardenias in Paris, in America. This camellia, pinned at the neck, each white porcelain petal gilt-edged. By Trifari. $10*. At Best & Co.; Hutzler's. The handbag is a neat white envelope of lizard-textured plastic with tiny gilt chain handles. By MM. $16*. At Bonwit Teller. Pale ivory pigskin gloves, just short of the wrist—the proper length for the least amount of sleeve. By Crescendoe-Superb. $10. At Bonwit Teller. Moygashel linen dress (for details see page 104). Coiffure by Marc Sinclair of Pierre Henri. *PLUS TAX

BERT STERN

PARIS: THE BOUTIQUE IDEA AT GIVENCHY

There's a new fashion-heaven at Givenchy where the boutique—famous though minuscle as long ago as 1952—is known to fashion savants as a Way of Life. Quartered now in a handsome, exquisitely proportioned salon designed by Pierre Barbe, the boutique has its own entrance off the Avenue Georges V. Inside: white walls, black-and-white marble floors, and a glow of bogus lemon trees by Mme. Dedéban, who sometimes arranged flowers for Braque. For Givenchy she managed trees simultaneously radiant with fake blossoms and real lemons flown in from Italy. Among the treasures not for sale—all collected by Givenchy himself: a Régence canapé covered in yellow, scattered with lynx pillows; a round table with a deep-red leather cover, the hem tooled in gold; a gilded unicorn's head....And for fashion savants (more of them every minute now): more clothes than before, more little jerseys, linens, scarfs, leathers, and fantasy jewels as modern as they are ornamental. On these pages: some finds of the moment, worn by Alexandra Stewart, a young Canadian actress who scored her first success in the Simone Signoret movie, *Naked Autumn*, playing one of those poignant but vexing rôles that test the mettle of the ingénue. *Left:* A lineny buttercup-yellow dress with a rolling shirt-collar; gilt-chained handbag. *Right:* Shirty late-day pullover—white brocade carved to the midriff. *Both at I. Magnin.*

DAVID BAILEY



PARIS BOUTIQUE: THE GIVENCHY IDEA

Idea is the *mot* that's more than *juste* for Givenchy whose special message, boutique or made-to-order, is young and brainy—but, and this we love, fraught with a sense of luxe completely of the present, completely entrancing. Photographed here in the boutique, where the ambience is instant champagne: some of its more tangible charms, worn again by Alexandra Stewart, whose lively, untheatrical manner off-screen is as refreshing as the splash of freckles she has as long as the skiing is good. Left: Muted dazzle—a necklace of pale smoky amethysts, very much in the Givenchy vein of jewelling now. Looped over Miss Stewart's pale-brown hair: a square of doubled chiffon, pink on one side, deeper pink on the other. And, returning her level gaze here: a gilded unicorn, cast in lead, that spent a previous incarnation as the sign for a seventeenth-century shop. Right: A white organdie déshabillé sprigged with silk flowers embroidered in pale yellow, pale mauve, deep lavender—one of a series of fragile at-home dresses that are part of the lure here. This, the necklace, and the scarf are all at I. Magnin. All the coiffures by Alexandre.

DAVID BAILEY



IN ITALY: THE BOUTIQUE IDEA

The new Italian boutique ideas are as unpredictable, as fascinating as the women who will wear them. Some are flip, witty, irrepressible—like the whirligig beach hat, above; some luxurious, elegant, drenchingly romantic, like the flowery nightdresses on pages 138 and 139. What they all have is the freshness and charm that's an Italian signature . . . *Weather-vane beach hat,* above: turquoise-and-brown straw with a high crown like a Bolivian peasant hat, topped by three whorls of burnt-brown straw—to indicate, possibly, which way the wind is blowing. By Antonelli. Worn by Benedetta Barzini, a young Italian beauty from a family notable not only for good looks, but for talent and brains. Her father is Luigi Barzini, the distinguished writer and journalist who is also active in Italian political affairs. *Botticelli coiffure, one-sided earrings,* facing page: the coiffure, an allegorical fantasy of loops, swags, and tendrils—pretty and artless, in an artful way. . . . The earrings, costumey delights of rhinestones, fake turquoise, and fake coral, both worn in the same ear—one looped through the other; the newest craze in Rome. The wearer is Signora Sophia Cagiati, the charming young blond wife of Signor Andrea Cagiati, an Italian diplomat. Signora Cagiati, daughter of a Danish Ambassador, is multilingual even by diplomatic standards: fluent, sparkling, in six languages. . . . Earrings by Sonia Petrov. *All six pages:* Coiffures by Imo, make-up by Gil, of Max Factor's Roman Salon—boutique news in itself: it's an In-place now for smart Roman women, who are famously alert to new hair and make-up techniques.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI



ITALIAN
BOUTIQUES

Fastest girl afloat—Benedetta Barzini, *far left;* you saw her on page 134. Here, she's almost concealed by Antonelli's speedboat slicker of bright-red ciré, collared to the eyes; Venturi's speed-queen helmet, also bright red, with a propeller bow aft. Make-up by Gil of Max Factor's Roman Salon. Mermaid trousers, *second from left:* skin-tight, with a smashing flounce at the back. By Antonelli, of fuchsia cloqué taffeta. Shoes to match, by Dal Co.; these, Lord & Taylor. Jewelled châtelaine belt, *above,* to be worn sliding low over the hips—rhinestones, crystals, mock pearls; by Nucci. Here, transforming a silk jersey slither by Luisa Spagnoli into a cocktail dress. Both at Lord & Taylor. Rise-of-the-Roman-Empire sandals, *left to right:* Red crocodile sandal, low-heeled; spiral strap that rings one toe. By Albanese. Gladiator sandal—narrow straps, wide ankle-bracelet; of brown Russia leather. By Glans. Walking sandal in brown Russia leather; broad straps, one buckled. The Whip. Wrapping of slender straps, hitched to a platform sole—these are having a *risorgimento* in Rome now; by Ken Scott, in black Fleming-Joffe crocodile. All, at Lord & Taylor.

ITALY: NIGHTDRESS IDEAS FROM THE GALITZINE BOUTIQUE

There's a longing for really beautiful hand-made lingerie that only this kind of nightdress can satisfy—nightdresses with a charm that has been, of late, as sometime as pigeon's-blood rubies. Now to the rescue comes Princess Irene Galitzine who designed—for her new boutique collection—nightdresses and peignoirs as becoming as the clothes she makes for many of the great European beauties. As simple and appealing as fresh daisies, they're made and finished with the small exquisite stitches for which the hand of the Italian seamstress is famous. Often the colour or print of the night-dress is repeated in a peignoir of another fabric: chiffon over crêpe, or a fine silk-and-wool over georgette. Here, two Galitzine night-dresses worn by Antonella Lualdi, the tempestuous Italian movie beauty, now starring with Vittorio Gassman in *Let's Talk About Women.* Chiffon float, left—Galitzine's Empire night-dress: yards and yards of printed chiffon, with drifts of pink-and-green flowers; ruffling around the hem, a bow under the bosom. Crêpe nightshirt, right—cut by Galitzine as precisely and beautifully as a daytime dress; in pink-and-green flower-printed crêpe. Coiffures by Imo of Max Factor's Roman Salon.

JOHNNY MONCADA









IN SPAIN: THE BOUTIQUES OF MADRID

Going to Spain now means the stirring Easter ceremonies in cities and provinces, the stormy *Feria* celebrated in Seville from April 21 to 26 —and, marvellous anytime, the boutiques of Madrid. At the boutiques, the words one is first aware of are *hecho a mano:* exquisite handwork, seen in clothes, jewellery, leatherwork, is one of the prides of Spain—still done by dedicated *artesanos* using the ancient techniques. Fascinating example: the cape, farthest left, worn here by Ana Mari Abascal, one of twin beauties who are third and fourth of the eleven children of a great Seville family. This and all Spanish capes are made now as they were in the sixteenth century—entirely by hand from smooth wool woven in a circular shape, with no seams to break its swing. (Capes are so deep in the chemistry of Spain that even now, when the men wear overcoats—a practice fairly recent for them—they often wear them as capes: hanging from the shoulders, sleeves unused.) For capes there is only one street in Madrid—Calle de la Cruz, sometimes called the Street of the Capes; the oldest cape-house, at numero 23, is run by the Sesena family. Above, both the Abascal twins, Nati and Ana Mari, wearing bullfighter shirts, one traditionally white, and one black—the first time an authentic torero shirt has been made in anything but white. On the brink of fashion now: pastels. These shirts—wonderful to wear with pants, skirts, suits—made and photographed at Ripolles, the oldest shop in Madrid that sells the extravagant wardrobes of the bull ring; in America they are at Bonwit Teller. Lower left, the hand-touch of leatherwork—a suit of black suède, edged at the neck and sleeves in black suède roses. This, worn by Nati Abascal; with her is Rogelio Madrid, a young actor and singer who is Spain's new rage. Suit, from Mitzou, at Calle Serrano 27; here, at Bonwit Teller.

HENRY CLARKE





BOUTIQUE IDEAS IN SPAIN

To buy in a Madrid boutique and to wear, perhaps, at the Costa del Sol that becomes delightfully *sol*-drenched around Easter: wonderfully glamorous beach hats made for fun, flattery, and siestas—the back of the broad sloped brim is cut straight off, like the hats of the Spanish Civil Guard, for leaning back to doze in beach chairs. The hat above, worn by Nuria Toray—the young Spanish actress who was the Suzie Wong of Madrid—made of toast-coloured straw with a high crown, a flowered band of shiny gold patent leather. This, from the boutique of Elio Berhanyer. *At left,* an evening coat of the Spanish lace that mantillas are made of—handmade, beautifully thick-and-thin—here in white, embroidered by hand in black jet beads, marvellous over a high-waisted evening dress of white satin. Both, from Pedro Rodriguez, worn here by Nati Abascal. The Spanish jewellery at upper right, made—by hand—in the traditionally ornate filigree designs that came to Spain with the Arabs, a millennium ago. Here, two elaborate necklaces are worn together, each with a variety of shapes of filigreed or shiny-smooth golden baubles and pearl beads; the pendant, a cluster of all. This, from Elvira Lucena, Carrera San Jeronimo 35. *Opposite,* two of the enchanting night-dresses (one, niña-size), with every stitch hand-sewn by Spanish women—the knack for this, and the dedication to it, handed down through the generations. (Along with this knack goes their virtuoso way of starching and ironing.) These, in white batiste with pleats, tiny tucks, fluted laces, and worn by Teri del Rio—the charming Spanish actress currently appearing in *Mary Mary* (¿María María?) in Madrid—and her daughter Cristina. Teri del Rio's nightdress, from Gurruchaga, Calle Alcala 72. Cristina's, from Mendivil, Calle Recoletos 19, in Madrid; also in America, at Best & Co.

HENRY CLARKE



THE POWER HAVE OVER

The power men have over women is that they wear neckties, use shaving cream, and are usually bigger than we are. They are not necessarily brighter. But whether they are or not, and whether we are or not, they usually have us where they want us. Like a man with a dog.

The cocker spaniel (or poodle or basset hound) sits at the feet of the man. He waits for something. He waits for three things: a look, a touch, and a word. He wants these more than a steaming bowl of Pard. He wants them more, in fact, than anything in the world, and he will do anything for them.

Now the dog is no more a slave than we are. Like some of us, he can be very independent indeed, leaving home for the day to chase rats or rabbits, quite able to feed himself (or be fed by others), and to survive the rough-and-tumble of the world outside. But his disposition—like ours—his well being, his sense of security, still depends on the look in the eye, the touch of the hand, and the sound of the voice of the man he returns to at night.

But the silly male fool is often unaware of how much the human equivalents of a look, a touch, a word, can hold a woman, and of the degree of her dependence on such simple and effortless favours. Conversely he seems to have no idea at all of the degree to which their absence can make her a cross, resentful, tiresome b . . ch.

Let's take the eye first. Quentin's—the hero's—first wife in Arthur Miller's play, *After the Fall*, echoes a universal cry of wife to husband when she says, "You don't see me. . . ." Quentin concedes that perhaps he doesn't, but he is bewildered at the strident intensity of her accusation.

Why should I look at you? the husband says; there isn't anything I don't know about you, there's nothing to look at. He does not mean it particularly unkindly: it's just a married fact of life. You live with a woman or a picture for ten years or more, and how often do you look—really look—at that woman or picture? And yet the female is starved for more recognition: the direct glance that says, I know who you are; you are there.

It's not a question of ardour (although the warm eye is certainly preferable to the fish eye); it is a direct engagement, forging an intangible bond between man and woman. And if you want to know what tragedy is, and the death of love, look at a legion of married couples sitting or eating at public places, their eyes never meeting. Not because the woman does not look at the man—she searches, hoping against reality—but because the man does not look at her. The engagement is broken. Each sits alone, encased in a plastic bag of indifference.

Now, it is clearly easier for a man to look at something that is beautiful and new and exciting than at something that is familiar and possibly fading. But he forgets that the familiarity and the fading are part of his doing, and that a woman is invested with beauty and excitement by his attention. We bloom under it; we die without it.

Now for the hand. You have certainly read somewhere, among all the books written about sex and marriage by experts possibly too busy to indulge in either, the term "skin-hunger." It's not a very attractive phrase but it happens to be a true one. A woman who is not touched may exist as a person but not as a woman. Here again I am not talking of ardour. It is the exceptional man who, after fifteen years of marriage and a long day at the office, can lunge at his wife and cover her with passionate kisses.

No, women—even the freest, the proudest, the most spirited—are much humbler than that. An occasional hand placed fondly on the shoulder, an arm in arm, a brief kiss on the cheek, the touch of hand on knee in a taxi going to a party (and in that pre-social silence that seems to afflict the married); things like these make us so happy that we wonder why some men forget them. Are they really that much trouble and effort?

Then they shouldn't complain if our dispositions are not always sweet, or if we are not as lovable as we used to be. Remember King Arthur in *Camelot:* "How to handle a woman—is to love her, love her, love her"*? I doubt if any song in years has said the obvious better. We are lovable if we are loved; and part of loving is touching.

So far we have concerned ourselves with silence: the good silence, where eye and hand say what a man feels towards a woman without words. But we need words, too. Not only the comfortable exchange of thoughts and gossip, cosy and welcome as it is, but, once in a while, words beamed (like the look) directly at us.

Gentlemen, you have heard it before and you shall hear it again: when we wear a new dress, and you notice it, say something. One phrase will do: "Nice colour," or "Not bad," or "Wow!" If you don't say anything, we count it a failure. You don't know what power *this* silence has over us. We brood. (If he doesn't know it's new, he doesn't care *what* we wear, i.e., doesn't love us any more. What's wrong with it: too bright, too dark, too young, too low, too short?) If you continue silence, we never wear the dress again, which can cost you a large sum and a depressed wife. It doesn't matter how good we think our taste is, how sure we are of our fashion sense, your silence can shatter our confidence. We would rather have you say "Isn't that a little too tight?" than nothing at all. We'd rather be mad than ignored. Such is your power.

You have no idea of how much we hang on your words. We may look at ourselves in a mirror before a dinner with some approval, but without yours, expressed in however few words, ours crumbles in doubt. Conversely, there is nothing in the world that

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MEN WOMEN

makes a woman walk more proudly and gaily than the verbal pat. Wise men know this, and I suspect more conquests are initiated—among the sophisticated—by words than by the simple sexual urge alone.

The men who have wit must know what power this, too, can exert on a woman. Make her laugh and you've made her helpless. My man-dog analogy falters a little here because I don't think the average animal cares whether his master is funny or not. The only humour in a man-dog relationship, that I know of, is when the former pretends to throw a ball in one direction but actually throws it in another. The dog likes it, but it's hardly side-splitting. Anyway, women are far more likely to be enslaved on a long-term basis by a homely man who is funny than by an Adonis who isn't. No physique can overcome cumulative tedium.

In fact, the higher the sights of a woman, the freer her intelligence, the more she values a counter-intelligence in men. It exerts a compelling and mutual fascination which many men are still slow to recognize, since they confuse it with rivalry or competition. It is woman asking the most of man so that she can pay him homage. The strong silent man (the strength, I suspect, is a fiction) is powerless beside the witty, articulate man. The right word is a mighty weapon.

Of course, all these powers of men over women emanate from one premise: caring. If men don't care, they don't look or touch or speak. But if they don't look or touch or speak, they shouldn't be living with us anyway. Whoever kept a dog he didn't care for? Bill Sikes, maybe.

But here we come, I think, to the old and lingering inequity among the sexes. Everything in the long history of the male up to now has conspired towards his self-assurance: a man was a superior being. Everything in the long history of the female, up to now, has conspired towards our adaptability to him, whether as wife, lover, mother, or prostitute. We are bred to care for what he thinks, feels, and needs more than he is for what we think, feel, and need. There is no valid comparison between a man's economic support of a woman and the woman's hourly, daily involvement in caring for a man.
The one is general, the other specific.

So I think we worry more when he looks seedy than he does when we do because we notice him more. We worry more when he looks bored at a party than he does when we do. (He doesn't see it, anyway.) We concern ourselves daily with what he would like to eat, whom he would like to see, where he would like to go, or where not. We are bound to cater.

And this remains true even now, with all this talk of equality and emancipation, and in spite of the very real and inevitable evolution of women into complete, rather than partial, human beings. For there can be no love, even between friends, without this caring and catering of women. The only difference now is that it is voluntary when it used to be obligatory: not the price of room and board, but the tender of love, freely given. And while we are speaking of price, you will notice—possibly with surprise—that nowhere among the powers of men have I mentioned Money.

But then, dogs don't care about money. Only b . . ches.

BY MARYA MANNES



The mysterious putty-in-his-hands power men have over women—explored on the next 10 pages, with a series of fascinating men, fascinated girls wearing the prettiest new at-home clothes. The men are assisted by some stock magician's props (like this hypnotic silver ball), and a bit of camera chicanery—none of it really necessary; they're hypnotic enough, unaided.

IN OMAR SHARIF'S POWER: SUZY PARKER

Mr. Sharif, dark, flashing-eyed, the black-clad Arab rider of *Lawrence*, is the newest movie throb—more about him later on. In his power, here: Suzy Parker—wearing frivolous lacy pyjamas for summer nights at home (even if your home is a water glass). Flowing pyjamas of white textured cotton, bare top; ruffly overblouse of white cotton lace. By Christian Dior-New York. Made to order: Henri Bendel; Julius Garfinckel.

BERT STERN

THE POWER MEN HAVE OVER WOMEN

AT-HOME CLOTHES TO DAZZLE SVENGALI

THE POWER OF MEN...THE LURE OF PALE, PRINTED COTTON AT HOME



"Come, my pigeon!" is what Tom Tryon, *left,* is presumably murmuring to this rather flighty group. Tall and dark, with a high-cheekboned handsomeness, Mr. Tryon played the title rôle in the movie, *The Cardinal;* will appear next in a movie about Pearl Harbor, *Harm's Way*.... His unfeathered friend wears a romantic dinner-at-home coat in delicate hydrangea colours—pale yellow, lavender, white. By Raelson, of French warp-printed cotton ottoman. Pin by Pavion. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Coat, at I. Magnin. The hat trick, *right,* comes easy to Jonathan Miller, the astonishingly gifted young British doctor who was one of the original foursome in *Beyond the Fringe,* now writes a scalpel-sharp TV column in *The New Yorker.* Dr. Miller is six foot three ("unless I've grown"), attractively rumpled, with amber eyes, an airedale mop of hair....His audience wears slick white satin pants, a peacock-green satin top with a little bowed sash; short, straight stole of white satin. By Norman Norell, in Italian silk satin; at Bonwit Teller; Dayton's; I. Magnin. The earrings are by Eisenberg. The coiffure: Marc Sinclair of Pierre Henri.

BERT STERN

THE POWER OF MEN...THE SLICKNESS
OF WHITE SATIN PANTS, PEACOCK TOP





Can Sergio Franchi sweep a girl off her feet even without singing "Torna Sorrento," or the newest pop tune, in a tenor as rich and sweet as Strega? Yes, he can—as you can see. This feat of levitation is simply a more dramatic version of the effect Mr. Franchi has on women: in person, on TV and records—his latest album is called *Women in My Life*. The woman in his life here, though he keeps her dangling, still manages to look marvellous for spring evenings at home—in a white mink overblouse, white satin trousers, a blaze of jewelling. Sleeveless overblouse of "Jasmine," Emba natural white mink, the skins worked in chevrons; a small bow on one hip. By Betty Yokova for Neustadter; also at I. Magnin. Straight-legged white silk satin trousers by Sarff-Zumpano; about $90 at Henri Bendel. Jewellery by Amourelle. Delman sandals. Coiffure by Kenneth.

THE POWER OF MEN...THE LIFT OF WHITE MINK, WHITE SATIN AT HOME



BERT STERN



Michael Rennie, *left,* has been entrancing women for years on stage, screen, and television. As if this weren't enough, he claims he really *can* hypnotize people: "I knew a yoga years ago at Cambridge. You can use any bright object..." Here, his subject is a girl in butterfly-bright colours: yellow satin blouse, brilliant grass-green skirt of heavy satin embroidered with gold butterflies. By Salvador Morrel; blouse in William Rose silk satin. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Jewellery by Castlecliff. Gilt sandals by Bandolinos. Dudley Moore, *right,* reduces women to complete helplessness by making them laugh, helplessly. In *Beyond the Fringe,* his antics include singing *lieder* in ersatz German; imitating a one-legged actor applying for the rôle of Tarzan; snoring gently while other *Fringe*-ers speak; and, of course, playing the piano (brilliantly)....The girl wears at-home pyjamas of bright-pink silk cloqué, with narrow pants, a sleeveless muumuu top, dipping low in back. By Tiffeau & Busch, of Couleur fabric; at Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus. Jewellery from Kenneth Salon Boutique. Sandals by Degas at Saks Fifth Avenue.

THE POWER OF MEN...THE FASCINATION OF BUTTERFLY-EMBROIDERY AT HOME

BERT STERN

THE POWER OF MEN...THE MAGNETISM
OF MUUMUU PYJAMAS, DIPPED IN BACK



THE POWER OF MEN...THE
PULL OF MINK AT HOME

BERT STERN



Meanwhile back at the blazing charade with Omar Sharif and Suzy Parker, two incendiary types with immense jolts of high-octane charm....Mr. Sharif's is dispensed in five languages, all irresistible, literate, witty. He has had his own movie-producing company in Egypt, will be seen next as the King of the Armenians in *The Fall of the Roman Empire*, in which, "I die with a big spear in the chest—shall I show you?" (He does so, with a marvellous dying grunt, a dazzling smile.) Miss Parker—in private life, Mrs. Bradford Dillman—plays a 1964 Trilby in two ravishing at-home costumes, both with sleeveless mink pullovers, long multicoloured chiffon skirts. *Right*, boat-necked overblouse of Canada Majestic natural dark mink; low, criss-cross back. By Georges Kaplan. Van Cleef & Arpels jewels. Revlon's Stormy Pink lipstick. *Left*, bare-back overblouse of Umpa Pearl natural pale-beige mink; by Betty Yokova for Neustadter. Also at I. Magnin. Sandor Goldberger jewellery. I. Miller sandals. *Both pages*, flower-printed skirts by Sloat of M & W Thomas silk chiffon lined with China silk. All of Miss Parker's coiffures by Pierre of the House of Revlon.

BERT STERN





PUCCI
THE MAGNIFICENT

A PROFILE OF THE BLAZING FLORENTINE DESIGNER AND OF HIS PALAZZO HEADQUARTERS

BY VALENTINE LAWFORD
WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST

Emilio Pucci of Florence is one of the greatest fashion forces at work today. He is a visionary whose vision of women is the essence of modernity. Pucci's vision has become reality. He has largely invented the look of the woman of the moment—one might almost say he has invented the woman herself: narrow, athletic, strong, brilliantly at home in the sun, and still brilliant in the evening. She is the most beautiful and luxurious woman in the world. On a ski slope, she wears the most practical and amusing and correct clothes; at dinner in some palazzo, she appears in the most beautifully coloured pyjamas cut in the most perfect way; at a bistro beside the Mediterranean, she turns up in some ravishing absurdity. Pucci is an artist with an architect's sense of proportion. His vision is wholly personal, his effects wholly contemporary. But he has ten centuries of Italian past on which to draw.

Pucci's feeling for Italian tradition is passionately serious, inherent, and unforced. The Pucci family have been well known in Florence for about a thousand years. Within a stone's throw of Florence's cathedral, the Duomo, their palazzo still stands in the heart of the city, on a street bearing their name. Austerely impressive, stained and worn, its walls echo today, as they have echoed for centuries, to Florentine traffic and Florentine bells.

"Dark, narrow, and elegant"—Pasternak's adjectives for Florence might just as well have been applied to this present-day Pucci. And there is more than a fanciful resemblance between his unusually character-revealing profile and Pontormo's portrait of Cosimo the Elder, with its sad but undefeatable eye, and its reminder of an age when it was a matter of course for an outstanding man to have an outstandingly manly nose. He hardly ever laughs and rather seldom smiles; but mostly goes, rapt and preoccupied, head down and chin in hand, about his business. Like some figure from Cellini's memoirs, he seems always to be striding briskly away around a corner or (Continued on page 162)

MARCHESE EMILIO PUCCI DI BARSENTO

The greatest colourist in the field of fashion design, a unique practical power in fashion, and a member of the Italian Parliament, Emilio Pucci was photographed here in one of his fantastic, frescoed workrooms in the Palazzo Pucci in Florence. In his sombre clothes, which are individual but never frivolous (his jacket may be of some discreet but unexpected pattern or weave), he moves like a dark flame among the glorious colours he thinks women everywhere should wear—the yachting pants, ski pants, dresses, jewellery, all designed with the Pucci perfection of cut. In fact, the only luxury Pucci recognizes is perfection.



PUCCI

A romantic Pucci vision, photographed on the roof of his palazzo overlooking the great tiled dome of Florence's Duomo. On the opposite page, some of Pucci's early designs for scarfs which took their lunge of colour and geometry from Italian Renaissance Guild flags and the banners of the Palio horse race in Siena. On this page: The Pucci look as it runs today. An evening tunic, the print snowed under with sequins; an after-dinner skirt with a Balinese-prompted design; and, worn with white pants, one of Pucci's famous shirts which some women collect as if they were an armful of wildflowers. In the foreground: A scattering of present Pucci prints.



A sampler of the Pucci blaze, its sources, its delights.

1. Siena, and a flag of one of its *contrade*, or districts. These flags were an early source for designs reinvented with new colours by Pucci.

2. In a palazzo fitting-room, Pucci, and mannequins, surrounded by tables of jewellery.

3. Sequins, hand-sewn singly on tender rose, acid green, all the strong and subtle Pucci colours.

4. Still life composed of wrapping paper, bags, scarfs—everything Pucci here but the scissors.

5. The palazzo ballroom, now the showroom. On the wall, the Pucci coat of arms. On the table tops, bright Pucci scarfs.

6. Emilio Pucci in one of the tall airy workrooms where he makes all decisions, oversees all.

7. Pucci colours soar against dramatic palazzo murals.

8. A gathering of Pucci ware: jersey hood, blouse, pants, jewellery, stockings, and *rosé* wine from the family vineyards—the label, an Emilio Pucci design.

9. A folly of Pucci prints. He may well be the best designer of gaiety for gaiety's sake.

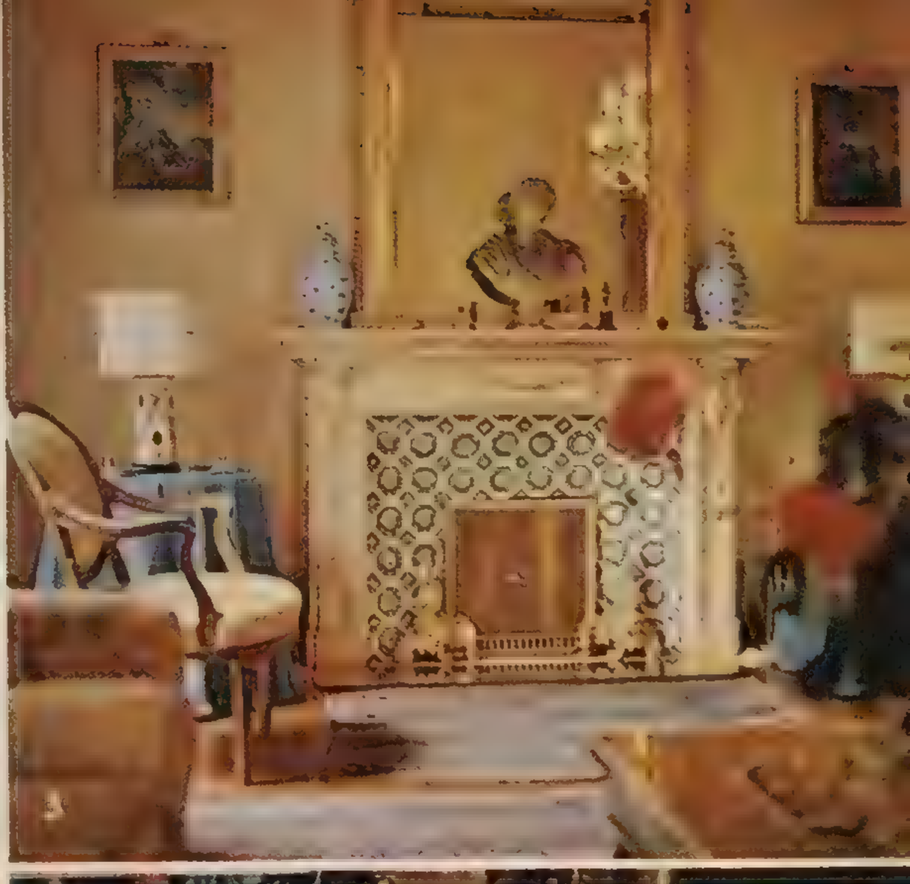
10. Beyond a flurry of scarfs, a gold Florentine organ, now holding silks in spangle colours.

Opposite page: A footman hangs Pucci prints from a palazzo window as if to celebrate some Renaissance triumph. Pucci finds his inspiration everywhere—in Indian fabrics and African designs, in cathedral stained glass, and the glorious colours of Chinese embroideries.















PUCCI

(Continued from page 156) disappearing down spiral stairs. When he is still, sitting, exceptionally, for five minutes at his desk with no telephone to answer, leaning forward with all ten fingers pressed together at the tips, speaking English carefully, but confidently choosing his words, he makes a point of describing himself, for one's benefit, as a Florentine.

Perhaps some of his immediate ancestors might have disapproved of the way in which Pucci has made their name an international household word. But at least his Renaissance ancestors would not have objected. Everything relating to the human body exercised their imagination, and a delight in outward appearances was a characteristic of which they saw no reason to be ashamed. Relatives of the Medici, merchants as well as nobles, they would surely have recognized their descendant, working in his fashion atelier in their palazzo, as a man of genuine Florentine mould.

Like the Florentine of tradition, he is not a specialist but an all-around man. He designs clothes, and invents many of their fabrics. He designs porcelain, too. He makes perfumes. He manages a firm specializing in the manufacture of materials for upholstery, and sells not only Pucci scarfs, blouses, stockings, hats, and jewellery, all in Pucci-designed boxes and bags and wrapping paper, but also ties and socks for men. He even sells bottles—with Pucci-designed labels—of the family vineyard's *rosé* wine.

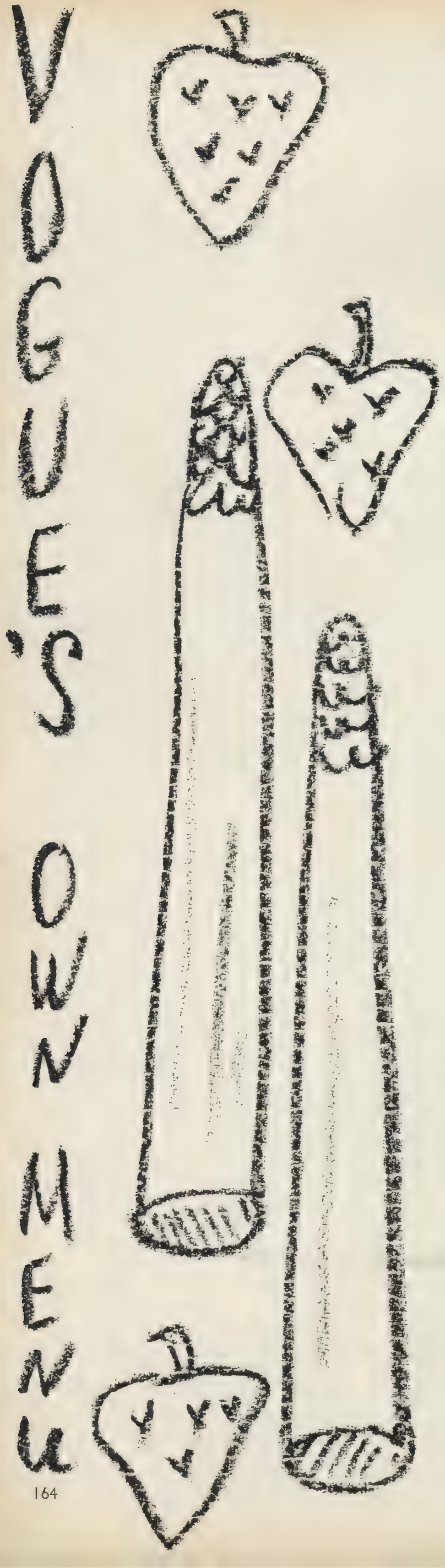
Before he became a designer, he was an athlete and an aviator. Studying as a young man for a degree in Social Sciences at Reed College in Oregon, he found time also to be the college ski instructor. Later, he had fourteen years' service in the Italian Air Force, and was in fact serving as an officer when he began to design. Most recently, he ran successfully for election to the Italian Parliament, where (Continued on page 165)

Emilio Pucci lives with his wife, Marchesa Cristina Pucci, and their two children on the upper floors of the palazzo. In these rooms, things old, new, rare, and droll meet with the Pucci paradox: exuberance under control.

1. Marchesa Pucci wearing an Emilio-pink dress, in the Wedgwood room, panelled with eighteenth-century medallions.
2. Alessandro Pucci, who is four, and his sister, Laudomia, two-years-old, in party-blue velvet.
3. In the Marchesa's sitting room, a mix of designs: tiled fireplace, Delft vases, a Karabagh rug.
4. Marchesa Pucci, her children, on the play roof facing the Duomo.
5. In the dining room, overwhelming frescoes of the Greeks leaving Troy; a table covered with a seventeenth-century Dutch cloth.
6. The children in the Empire room, beside a keel-shaped cradle.

Opposite page: Looking like a Vermeer, Marchesa Cristina Pucci, a slender tawny young woman with a face drawn in long beautiful slopes, at the dressing table in her bedroom. (She is wearing a Pucci.) The silver dressing set was given to Pucci's great-grandmother by Empress Catherine the Great of Russia.





FIRST SPRING DINNER FOR SIX

RING OF SHAD ROE*
with sauce

BREAST OF CHICKEN
WITH DUXELLES*
Fresh Asparagus

SALAD

FRESH STRAWBERRIES
WITH KIRSCH

WINE—A YOUNG ALSATIAN

Where have you been? Somewhere in the Caribbean, perhaps, laughing your eyes out, swimming, sailing. . . . And eating.

Eating?

Let us not be impolite. Let no one here say that the food between Palm Beach and Madrid is inedible. Let us say that the blue sky, the blue sea—the blue days—compensated for the overabundance of frozen beef, frozen shrimps, frozen butter, frozen bread . . . frozen everything.

But that's all over now. Here you are: back.

And for the first time, today, you felt an unfrozen breeze: the breeze of a northern spring.

So you decided to have the traditional spring dinner. . . .

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

RING OF SHAD ROE

FOR SIX PEOPLE

2 cans shad roe
Lemon slices
1½ cups chicken broth
1 packet unflavoured gelatin

Poach the shad roe gently in water with a couple of slices of lemon for about ten minutes. Drain the roe, cool it, then remove the membranes. Separate the eggs carefully with a fork.

Pack the roe in a ring mould, then pour over it chicken broth in which you have melted and dissolved a packet of plain gelatin.

Let set until firm in the ice box, then unmould and decorate with watercress and slices of cucumber.

For a sauce, add heavy cream and a squeeze of lime juice to mayonnaise.

THE SNAPPER: Aspic for the roe.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

CHICKEN BREASTS WITH DUXELLES

FOR SIX PEOPLE

5 whole chicken breasts
1½ pounds mushrooms
4 or 5 shallots
Butter
Chicken broth
Salt and pepper

In a large heavy skillet melt a quarter of a pound of butter. Add the shallots, chopped fine, then the mushrooms, also chopped fine. Cook over low heat for at least an hour, stirring occasionally.

On the underside of the boned chicken breasts—which, incidentally, you have halved—you will find a little flap. Lift this up and overstuff it with at least a tablespoonful of the mushrooms, then fold the ends of the breasts over the stuffing to form a ball. Place each breast, skin side up, in a large oven-proof dish. Pile any left-over mushrooms on top of the breasts. Add to the dish a half-inch of chicken broth, two tablespoons of butter, freshly ground black pepper, and a good dash of salt.

Bake in a pre-heated 350° oven for an-hour-and-a-quarter, or a little longer if the breasts are large. Baste frequently.

THE SNAPPER: Slow-cooking the mushrooms.

PUCCI

(Continued from page 162)

he now sits as a Liberal Member for Florence and Tuscany—incidentally the only Liberal returned at the last election from this Leftist city with its surrounding Leftist countryside. In conversation he is as likely to dwell on future developments in the Italian political situation as on future trends in women's clothes.

In his own words, he is "a man with a great many favourite occupations." And he is so constituted that there seems to be no conflict between them. On the contrary, they are mutually complementary, each one adding an indispensable ingredient to the composite Pucci phenomenon.

Pucci, the modern Liberal, preoccupied with the search for a workable alternative to totalitarianism, and active in the Labour Committee of Parliament, has created a business organization which is not only efficiently but humanely run. He, and he alone, directs his fashion house. In the palazzo his word is law. But he treats his sewing girls, for example—and they, whatever their private politics, treat him—with an extraordinary mixture of formal courtesy and almost flirtatious tenderness. Although they may have to sit in ancient, barrel-vaulted rooms, and to do most of their finer work by hand, they work in cleanliness and quiet, enjoying practical facilities which are still far from universal. Lighting and ventilation are modern and excellent. A number of up-to-date bathrooms for the staff are included among the twenty that he has installed in the palazzo in the last few years. Pensions and insurance are at maximum rates.

Pucci, the professional airman, unimpressed by distance, thinks nothing of driving his silver-grey Maserati for several hours into the mountains after a full-day's work, to talk to a handful of peasant constituents who have never before even seen a city Florentine. He will fly to Spain or England for a single day's shooting—one of the rare relaxations he nowadays allows himself. And he is perfectly prepared to make business visits to three continents in three weeks, taking secretaries, models, clothes, and samples with him—and picking up inspiration, as well as contracts, as he goes.

Above all, the fact that this designer is also an enthusiastic athlete not only accounts for his ability to stand the strain of engaging in several careers at once, but has influenced his whole concept of fashion. If he hadn't been a skier in the first place, he might never have found his way into the fashion industry at all.

Sixteen years ago, his own skiing clothes caught the eye of Toni Frissell, the well-known photographer who, on discovering that for greater comfort and efficiency Pucci had actually designed them himself, suggested that he should design some winter sports clothes for women. He did so, and his designs met with instant success in the United States.

A year later, on leave from the Air Force, he designed some clothes for a friend who had arrived in Capri with nothing right to wear; and his designs, carried out by local workers, were widely reproduced and worn that summer at other Mediterranean resorts. Soon he received so many orders that, although he had little time for civilian activities, he decided to open a small fashion atelier in Florence. His designs for sports clothes were shown at the first presentation of Italian fashion in Florence in 1950; and since that year his work, ranging from bathing suits to ball dresses, has always been included in the Italian fashion shows held twice a year at the Pitti Palace.

Today he is Vice-President of the Italian National Chamber of Fashion. He has shown his collections personally in an astonishing variety of places from Texas to Tokyo, and from Moscow to Mogadiscio, Somaliland; and in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. Regularly his designs are exported to sixty countries throughout the world.

(Continued on page 166)

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"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE

It's the bee's knees!



Back in the 20's, that remark was a laudatory expression that might be paraphrased in the vernacular of the 60's as *—the most!* These two modes of expression have nothing in common. But—20's or 60's—there's one cocktail that's common to the cognoscenti and connoisseurs of both eras. Today—as in bygone days—everybody's buzzing about that bonanza of the bar: The Stinger.

The Stinger

1½ oz. brandy, 1⅓ oz. Cointreau White Creme de Menthe. Shake vigorously with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass.



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Cordials by Cointreau, 50 to 80 proof.

PUCCI

(Continued from page 165)

From the outset of his fashion career, experts have recognized him as a man whom nature has endowed with the rare, instinctive feeling for the one-and-only way to cut a sleeve or a collar, and whose skill can express itself in the finish of an inner seam. For the general public he is, pre-eminently, the first person ever to design a really becoming pair of women's pants—in which accomplishment he seems to have been inspired almost as much by the Renaissance hose worn by the courtiers in the paintings of Pinturicchio as by his knowledge of the needs of twentieth-century women.

He still retains his interest in sports clothes and his affection for certain colours: Capri blue, Emilio pink, and almond green. But his original spirit has never been content to rest on any single kind of production. He is constantly inventing and discarding his inventions, even before they have been publicly seen.

At most, only thirty percent of the ideas with which he starts to design a collection will be in the collection when finally presented. Like Colette, tearing up pages of promising manuscript if she suspected that what she had just written was merely "*du Colette*," Pucci in the course of his work rejects every idea, however novel and attractive in itself, as soon as it has ceased to seem novel to him. Like many modern painters, he knows the secret of controlled chance. The effect of a telephone call or other interruption, while he is in the act of designing, may well be to alter the whole trend of a design. He is forever taking fashion risks—experimenting with prints on velvet or towelling; weaving wool with ribbon, or hemp with silk; working in new forms of stretch material in his search for the exact balance between free movement and close-fitting line.

Over the years, too, his imagination has expressed itself, perhaps most strikingly of all, in a series—a seemingly unquenchable flood—of printed patterns, originally for silk scarfs but progressively used for blouses, tunics, skirts, and even tablecloths and decorative panels. He based many of his earlier patterns on traditional Italian motifs. The superb, heraldic flags used at the Siena Palio horse race, for example, gave the inspiration for some of his most brilliantly successful designs.

As his travels have led him further afield, and his designer's imagination has grown ever bolder and more practiced, he has drawn inspiration increasingly from foreign sources, the more exotic and unexpected the better: notably of late from Central and South America, Africa, and the Far East.

Pucci's patterns are, characteristically, not imitations but adaptations, almost re-inventions. He uses colours quite arbitrarily, and reproduces the same design in as many different colour combinations as he thinks fit.

Long before his ideas have taken definite shape, he makes rough sketches in black-and-white. These, his assistant—a dark-haired American girl, sitting at a table in one of the palazzo's lofty salons—enlarges for him on transparent paper, while he repeatedly comes by to control, and generally radically to alter, her intricate draughtsmanship. When at last he is satisfied with a drawing, he has a photostat made, on which he plans his colouring.

Often he will start by giving only quite general instructions about zones of colour to the printers, purposely leaving to them a degree of free choice in producing the first proof of a design. After which he will be content to improvise on the basis of the proof, using an agreed code of numbers for the great variety of colours he draws from for his alterations and additions, in order to speed the work. Yet the result in every case is an unmistakably careful Pucci product.

Some of his recent patterns are like explosions of mixed stained glass and flowers, others suggest kaleidoscopes recorded in mid-motion, while others look like the kind of optical miracles that one performed as a child by pressing very hard indeed against one's eyelids with the palms of one's hands.

However far he goes for inspiration, the palazzo in Florence remains the centre from which his work radiates. A factory in Como prints his patterns. The new fabrics with which he experiments are necessarily manufactured elsewhere. By far the greater number of his workers—the several hundred who do the simpler sewing—work outside the palazzo in Florence or the neighbouring towns and countryside. But they come at intervals to the Via de' Pucci for instructions. And it is from there that the commands to the factories go forth—to Como, incidentally, accompanied by much cajolery and persuasion, since Pucci's patterns, especially the most recent ones, are hard to print.

That part of the palazzo in which he lives and works had been unoccupied for some years before he inherited it on his father's death. Other parts, where his mother and his brother live, are of earlier date. But his own inheritance comprises some of the largest and most unwieldy rooms, including the great ballroom, used the last time for his sister's coming-out ball just before World War II. Everywhere, repairs were required, and on a considerable scale.

Yet, for Pucci, it must have been irresistible to install his atelier here and nowhere else. He had the imagination to perceive the rare advantages of ancient grandeur for a modern dress designer's setting. For one of his temperament, there could only have been attraction in the idea of turning such an "inconvenient," aristocratic inheritance to positive, contemporary account.

As now arranged, the four

storeys provide accommodation for his professional and political and private lives. On the ground floor are seven workrooms and the office of his political agent. The impressively proportioned *piano nòbile* contains his fashion showroom, boutique, fitting-room, and business offices.

On the floor above are the two wings of secluded private apartments where he lives with his wife, Cristina. There no sound of business or politics penetrates. The topmost floor of all, opening on to a roof garden and filled with light, is a nursery floor for their two children, Alessandro, aged four, and Laudomia, aged two.

In adapting the palazzo to his use, Pucci has noticeably retained and revived rather than altered or destroyed. Even on the ground floor—where they serve no purpose except to provide a drolly contrasting background for the neat, white-coated sewing girls and the occasional, draped dummy—the over-life-size, semi-nude figures of the frescoes have been carefully restored. The former ballroom, now the showroom, with its new glass chandeliers and its white-and-grey baroque plaster-work of flags, trophies, drums, coronets, and coats of arms cleaned and repaired, could be used for a ball tomorrow.

On the floor above, what must once have been a somewhat sepulchral music room has been flamboyantly made the best of, with yellow-gold curtains, gilded satyrs in red-velvet-lined alcoves, and *sang de boeuf* Chinese vases on tables with sweeping, grenadine-red velvet cloths.

Though it is only natural that he should regret that one or another of his predecessors sold the series of four famous paintings of the Pucci-Traversari marriage, ordered from Botticelli's studio in 1483, he has not retaliated by throwing out whatever it may have been that they bought with the proceeds. Since he came into his inheritance, experts from the Uffizi have renovated the Wedgwood room, where the medallions had suffered sadly in the two centuries since they were ordered from the original Josiah.

In the adjoining Empire room, the desks, chairs, sofas, firescreens, and cradle, ordered from Paris by an earlier Emilio Pucci, Mayor of Florence in Napoleon's day, look very much as they must have done on arrival, except that they have recently been re-covered in stiff peach silk.

In general, too, the furniture, pictures, and objects which Pucci himself has bought have been chosen to live at peace with the combined tastes of previous generations, including the tastes of late nineteenth and early twentieth century Italy, for which, in contrast to so many other creative contemporary Italians, he seems to entertain no morbid hatred whatsoever.

The result is a lived-in palazzo and not a museum or an art gallery. As in most interiors of the kind, there is no dearth of good, bad, and indifferent paintings. But in this house, rather than dwell on the (attributed) Cranach and Andrea del Sarto, or the (authentic) Guido Reni and Furini, the eye allows itself happily to be caught and held, again and again, by living groups and scenes, gestures and poses, that at least for a contemporary eye are infinitely more rewarding and hard to forget.

A pair of models, wrapped in the red-silk peignoirs which they wear between fittings, pause for a moment's relaxation under a picture of St. Laurence, turning in agony on his martyr's grill. Under a postcard of the Virgin Mary pinned to a sewing-room wall, a girl's dark bent head and raised elbow recalls a dozen drawings by Degas.

Tiepolo might have noted the head and shoulders of the crimson-coated manservant, leaning out over an upper-storey windowsill to see what is happening in the courtyard below. Vermeer would have liked the Marchesa Cristina Pucci, sitting in a pale dress with yellow sleeves before her mirror—blond, imperturbable, and glistening-eyed.

The designer's wife is still in her twenties. But she has the ageless, easy manner that is the invaluable inheritance of many Italian women of her kind. Something in her expression—an inner smile within her smile—reveals an independent mind. But her touch is so light and her influence so unobtrusively pervasive that it comes as a surprise to find, when she is absent, that the atmosphere of the palazzo can be so very serious, almost sad, even in the private apartments.

If one opens the high windows of the red-damask room on the corner, the noise of traffic is unceasing—modern Italian traffic, every constituent part of which seems to be less concerned with where and why it is moving than in clearing everyone out of its path as fast as it can. So fast, one can not help suspecting that the universal trend is downhill.

In contrast, Pucci's life strikes one as being a permanent, self-imposed, uphill struggle, towards equally uncertain ends. One recalls how he had said, the first time one spoke with him, that there was nothing "glamorous" about being a dressmaker. One remembers the deadly earnestness with which he talked of his aims as a designer and as a politician—and one's own feeling of wonder, at the time, that anyone should dare to be quite so many-sidedly, unremittingly, conscientious.

Success such as Pucci's has an air of bravura. The designer, like his designs, has a notable panache. There is even—how could it be otherwise?—a hint of coloured banners in the wind as he goes to battle for his various causes. Yet in the last resort one knows that his creativity, like all talent, would fail without the help of qualities so homely and humdrum that one hardly dares to mention them in such a context: self-discipline, self-respect, self-reliance, hard work, and considerable courage.



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stops nail polish
chipping. It is called
Diamon Glaze.



(Continued from page 115)

our gaudy lies, playing competitive fantasies one against the other until we believed ourselves veterans.

Then one evening, walking home from one such gathering, I lost its cosy half-world forever. In a field near the vicarage, in a moment of terror and truth, I was confronted by a whole live girl. She stood in the grass, supposedly unaware, twitching her eyes like a grazing animal, indolently angling her flanks to the hunter, and closely watching me sideways.

I recognized her as a girl from a neighbouring village, a girl called Ellie, whom I'd known since a child. But she'd never directly looked at me before, and so I'd never really seen her. Seeing her now, brushing the grass with her hand, I was suddenly stung by brutish ambition. I thought of carrying this trophy back to the shed, laying it warm and real on the stones. I thought of the lads crowding round in a sudden miracle of silence. I also thought of Rudolph.

Rudolph was my closest friend at the time, and we used each other as whetstones. He was a year older than I; a thin, shifty lad who seemed specially constructed for scuttling down holes. We had competed together since we were infants and sucked the blood of each other's jealousies. Rudolph must see this, I thought to myself. He wouldn't believe it otherwise.

"Seen any snakes?" asked Ellie. I made no reply, but strode past her, mournfully whistling. I was wearing my brother's plus-fours and woollen stockings and the grass bounced off my legs like blow-darts.

The next day I steered Rudolph up to the vicarage fields, and sure enough she was there again. But this time she was draped across the top of the stile so that there was no way of getting past her. She lay sprawled across it, her knees to her chin, a langorous and weighty roadblock.

"Oo's 'er?" muttered Rudolph, pulling up fast.

"I dunno," I said, on needles.

"Some Bisley bird. Let's clip 'er earhole."

"O.K. Let's clip 'er earhole."

Large, beautiful, with Spanish hair and eyes, skin tight with flesh as an apple, Ellie slipped from the stile and faced us boldly, smiling a slow, fat smile. I watched her closely as her eyes moved over us, heavy-lidded as a sleepy owl.

Her lazy gaze finally rested on Rudolph. It was an excruciating moment of doubt. "Push off, you," she murmured. Rudolph didn't argue; he gave a thin dry cough and went.

I was alone with the girl in a smell of warm rain, feeling handsome, jaunty, and chosen. Ellie stood thigh-deep in the glittering grass like a half-submerged tropic idol.

"Lift us up on that wall, come on," she said. "I'm dead scared of things in the grass."

My hands sank deep into her open armpits and she rose in the air like a bird. I wouldn't have believed it, or that I could do it, it was like lifting a healthy eagle.

The flat stone wall, backed by a twisted beech, seemed wider than any bed. We lay cradled together in its dusty silence looking down at the running grass.

"Ow's yer cousin?" said Ellie. "We've 'ad some laughs. 'Er an' me. We thought we'd choke." One side of my body was hot against her, the other was creeping cold. "Oo!—I'm falling." She turned and held me—and I sank into a smell of doughnuts.

Holding this girl was advanced stuff indeed. She was sixteen and worked in the cake shop. She was more grown-up than any girl I'd yet touched—the others had only been children. Suddenly I was enveloped in her great bare arms; the raciness went out of the encounter, her chatter quietened to almost maternal whispers, became little sounds of content and comfort.

I forgot the cowshed and the cowshed boys. Ellie was a revolution—a brimming generosity heaving with uncertainties and rounder than all my imaginings. So silent now, her wordless lips to my ear, her warm breadth turned towards me, she became not an adventure but a solemn need. Even Rudolph went out of my mind....

The June twilight came down and we disentangled our hair. The wall narrowed as we drew apart. Ellie's crumpled blue dress had moss in the folds like crevices filled with birds' nests.

"Look what I got," she said, fishing behind the wall. She produced a bag full of crusty doughnuts. "We won't need no supper. I get 'em from work. I live on 'em practically." She gave me one and sank her teeth into another. "You're a boy all right," she said. "You got a nerve." She took another deep bite, and her teeth came out red with jam.

I couldn't forget Ellie after that, and there were vivid dreams at night, when her great brown body and crusty roundness became half girl and half groceries. My sleep knew the touch of gritty sugar on the lips and the crisp skin fresh from the bakery, enclosing who knew what stores of sweet dough, or what light dabs of jam hidden deep....

I began to meet Ellie at frequent intervals, though I looked for her all the time. Perhaps a week would go by without seeing her, then she would suddenly pop up in the lane. "Ah, there's my boy," she'd say with a gurgle, and lead me away through the nettles. In the nests we made among the hedges, or in the quarries above the Severn, we lay innocently enough for hours together, eating each other or eating cakes.

I was oblivious now to the normal world and remote from its small affairs. Occasionally we were shadowed by some cowshed boys, but they might just as well have been sheep. Once or twice I saw Rudolph watching us sharply through a hedge, but I felt neither pity nor anger....

Then one evening Ellie lean-

ed from her moving bus and called she had something to tell me. As soon as we met, on our frontier between villages, I could see that something was up. She'd done her hair a new way, in great piled-up coils, and her smile was bulging with secrets.

She said her mum and dad had gone away for a week and left her in charge of the house. To prove it, she opened the neck of her dress and produced a door key, large as a trowel. It was going to be lovely; she'd move down from the attic and sleep in the big brass bed. She'd be all by herself, just her and the cat. So I'd best not go near her, had I? . . .

For the next couple of days I was quiet with decision, though I shook whenever I thought about it. What I had to do seemed so inevitable that I felt almost noble, like being called to war. But I took my time; I was older now, I thought I'd better not act like a savage. When the third night came, remote and still, I knew it must be the one. With the family in bed, I stole out of the house and lifted my bicycle over the gate.

I rode up the hill, through waves of warm moonlight, and crossed the common between our villages. I took long deep breaths, feeling heavy with destiny, going proud and melancholy to my task, wondering all the time, with salt on my tongue, whether I'd be changed when I returned this way, and thinking of the dark locked house at the end of my journey, with its enclosed and waiting girl.

Ellie's place stood alone at the edge of the village, a little way down a cart-track. It was silent, lampless, heavily loaded with moonlight and as pretty as one could wish. I buried my bicycle in a growth of nettles and crept, sweating, into the garden. I didn't pause for a moment to wonder what I was up to, every act seemed ordained by legend. I saw the open window above my head and started climbing the spout towards it. A roosting bird scurried out of a gutter, but I climbed boldly, alarming nature. What would happen when I leapt light-footed into the room and confronted the sleeping girl? Would she gasp with pleasure and open her arms, cry for mercy, or lose her reason?

I reached the window, and a wave of warm air, scented with Ellie, flowed out to greet me. I straddled the sill, wriggled my way through the casement, avoided a flowerpot, and I was in.

As my feet touched the floor I saw the moonlit bed and the white breathing weight of the girl. Her bare sleeping arms were like shining rivers, her nightdress like drifts of ice, and her long dark locks, coiled loose on the pillow, were deep canyons carving the Alps. She was more beautiful and mysterious than ever I'd seen her, achingly remote and magic, all cockiness left me—I wanted to kneel to her then, first to worship, and then to love.

A floorboard creaked. Ellie sighed and stirred, then dreamily turned towards me. She gave a deep happy groan, half straightened her knees, then settled voluptuously.

"Oh, no!" she gurgled. "Not *you* again, really! Rudolph, you bad bad boy. . . .

EDITOR'S NOTE: An Englishman, Laurie Lee has written, with broad-shot fluency, novels, documentary movies, radio plays, a travel book, and several volumes of poetry. Last year he toured Great Britain reading his poems to jazz. In his autobiography, an attractive, ebullient report on his boyhood in the Cotswolds, published in the United States as *The Edge of Day*, he described his life to that age when, ". . . I groaned from solitude, blushed when I stumbled, loved strangers and bread and butter, . . . grinned wryly to think how little I was understood, and lived in a state of raging excitement." Close to the age, that is, of this first encounter with love.

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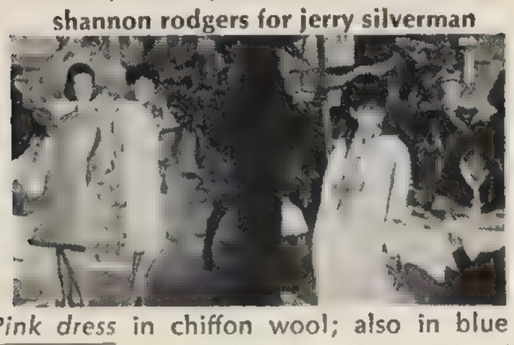
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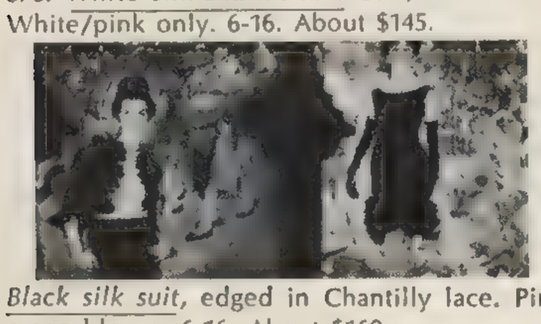


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NOTES ON LIGHT TRAVELLING

The walk-on stars

The nicest thing that can happen to any traveller is being able to walk onto a plane carrying her luggage. Maybe all of it, maybe just the vital bag containing a change of shoes, a collection of fast beauty repairs, and that book she's been meaning to read. Vogue's plan for this kind of travel begins, *upper right,* with an over-the-shoulder bag like an outsize envelope in mahogany-coloured cowhide with an adjustable strap. By Etienne Aigner. About $30*. At Lord & Taylor. Tan saddle leather card case by Prince Gardner; about $3.50*. At Altman's. The big bone-coloured odds-and-ends bag is large enough to hold a weekend's supply of necessities, zips closed; stays at your feet in transit. By Tano, of synthetic fabric. About $26*. At De Pinna. Shoes by Deb. *Lower right:* Three more walk-ons beginning with a navy-blue nylon bag, *top,* that folds into a drawer when you get there, has three zippered compartments. About $30*. *Left,* gleaming red plastic bag to pack with beauty. Damp washcloths welcome—it's plastic-lined. About $20*. Both by Lark. At Bloomingdale's. *Right,* bright yellow bag lined with flowers. It's as light as a whisper, almost indestructible and only seven inches deep, which means it slips neatly under your seat. Recessed, virtually invisible locks. By Samsonite, of vinyl. About $20*. At Bloomingdale's. *Plus tax.



JEAN-PHILIPPE SADRON

BEAUTY BULLETIN

(Continued from page 120)

ened. Madame Hugo Gouthier, wife of the Ambassador from Brazil, already has her next look in hand. She'll wear her hair in an irregular pageboy for day, with one side soft, the other going into a soft curl; for evening, hairpieces on the brink of fantasy. (She's wearing a strong pink lipstick now and a dash of pink eye shadow under each eyebrow.) Duchessa Mirta Riario Sforza, swimmer, skier, famous for her sun-streaked blond hair that falls to her shoulders, now plans to have the front of her hair drawn up away from the face and held on top of the head with a big hairbow. (She's wearing stronger lipstick, too—wild pink—and for each eye, three false eyelashes.) Donna Marella Agnelli doesn't have to change to short hair—she's always worn it and says she always will. Her only make-up change: pale-green or pale-blue eye shadow extended from eyelashes right up to the eyebrows.

In Madrid where hairpieces are plentiful, beautiful, and thrillingly inexpensive, postiches are the key to a ravishingly pretty variety of evening coiffures. For day, the news is hair long enough at back to go into a small chignon under hats, or hang down for beach life—with front hair cut short, soft and curly. Isaac Blanco, the current hairdresser rage in Madrid, invented the cut, and with it a special way to wind short hair on hairpins rather than on rollers. (As for make-up in Madrid: the beautiful American-born Countess of Quintanilla reports that smart Spanish women are using eye make-up to round rather than than lengthen the eye and to give height at the centre—much as we've been doing it here, lately.)

Swedish bulletin, via Paris: Baroness Carl-Henrik von Platen, who has just arrived in Paris (where her husband is stationed as the Swedish Ambassador to the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development), plans this: a short haircut for her dark, silver-streaked hair. "I don't like curls and don't think this look will catch on in Sweden where the rugged, damp climate doesn't permit elaborate coiffures." However, for evening, she'll go on adding a postiche and perhaps, this spring, a chignon.

Curls? Bangs? Short, evenly-cut hair—or short hair cut in layers? Long hair? Hair partly long, partly short? All over the world, all of these choices are in fashion. It's a great thing—possibly some sort of beauty millennium—when no one coiffure is imposed for smart women to take, whether they like it or not. About this we sometimes hear regrets voiced (and it is true that wider choice makes for harder decision). But the results—variety, uniqueness, individuality, and the look of healthy, springy hair—are far from regrettable in Vogue's book.





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CHARLES FITZPATRICK

Tulips. They came to Holland from Constantinople and the Levant in the sixteenth century. Now they come to us by the acre from Holland (also the Channel Islands; also Belfast, Ireland) and they are either threatening to, or actually, blooming this moment. In addition to gardens, the tulip idea is beautifying mouths—the Tulip Touch is how Helena Rubinstein puts it, a touch that company put into motion last year and added refreshments to this year. The lipsticks come in eight shades, two of them thought out especially for Spring, 1964—as witness their names: "World's Fairest Pink," a heated pink with a bit of a glint (see the lips, page 117). And "World's Fairest Peach," a spirited coral (see the lips on the cover). These in lanky long-stemmed pink tulip cases, four inches long-stemmed, decorated as see above. The new colours dip into the vogue for pale lipsticks while, interestingly, delivering decisive p-o-w-e-r. One available associate is an oval tulip-décored compact of pressed powder—Rubinstein's Silk Fashion Make-Up of English-processed silk powder-and-foundation-in-one—marvellous for touch-ups, with a soft finish that has staying prowess. At Lord & Taylor; J. W. Robinson.

Hairpieces: more on the more-is-more theory



Whatever line hair takes, the hairpiece idea, particularly for evening, will go along with it—lengthily, we predict. For a wiglet can deliver to straight hair, curl; to curly hair, organized straightness; to any hair, the desirable feeling of more of same. Two such wiglet situations are in evidence here, the work of Richard Hartwich, who calls them Demi-Coifs. What's wiglet about the head above is the curls at back, to pin to one's own straight hair, teased up and back in the front. The head below features its own hair (front) divided from its own wiglet (back) by its own switch (middle), which wraps the whole thing up nicely. All of these hair body-builders—made, in colour and texture, to the order of your built-in hair—from $50 at Richard Hartwich wig salons in New York, Baltimore, Chicago, and San Francisco.



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One of the prettiest ways to hold loose powder—an octagonal compact, above, with a circle of blue enamel on the lid, Greek figures around the sides. Also garnet-red enamel. About 3″ across. $61.50 ppd., tax inc. Kenneth's Boutique, 19 E. 54th St., New York 22.

JEAN-PHILIPPE SADRON



Dash of navy blue —bias-cut wool dress, above, with a high turtle collar, easy walking skirt. Cotton-lined; also red, plum, beige, black. Also in Italian linen-and-rayon: black, pink, turquoise. Sizes 6-10; $85. Marcello Couture, 130¼ E. 61st St., N. Y. 21.



Leafy black and white dress, above. Bare little camisole top, narrow skirt flared at the knee. Of silk-and-rayon crêpe. Also solid: pink, pale green, blue, yellow. 4-16; $185 ppd. Marianne Spottiswoode, 40 W. 55th St., N. Y. 19.

HOUND



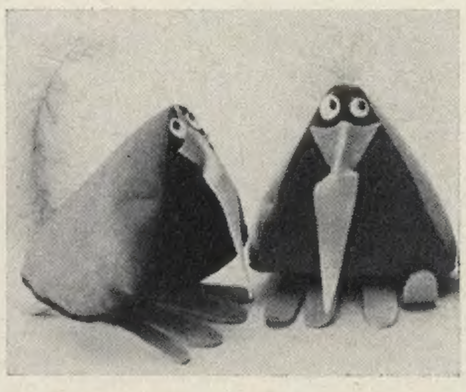
Navy-blue linen on a little girl, above—charming in a collarless coat lined in white linen, with a white linen dress underneath. Also in yellow with a white dress. 3-6X; $36 ppd. Ed Baynard, 322 E. 59th St., N.Y. 22.



Reproductions of wonderfully ornate 18th-century trade cards, above—proclaiming trades from broker to vintner. Printed on brown paper; framed in gold. Choice of fifty trades. 16½" x 20½". Gold plate, $26.50; gold leaf, $51.50, ppd. By Leslie Tillett. Arden for Men, 1 E. 54th St., N. Y. 22.



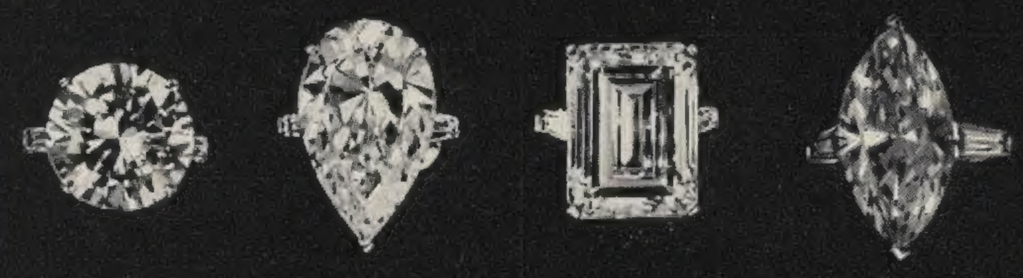
Navy blue in the Chanel idiom, above—wool suit with revers and blouse of pink Irish linen. Brass-buttoned jacket; straight skirt lined in rayon crêpe. Also white/pale blue; beige/coffee. 8-18; $90.95 ppd. Janet Sloane, 136 E. Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.



A couple of chubby little inanimate pets called *Bumble Birds*, above—with felt backs, velvet fronts, and a single blue tail feather. About 5" high. Various colours; each $3.50 ppd. West Town House, 260 West 86th St., New York 24, N. Y.

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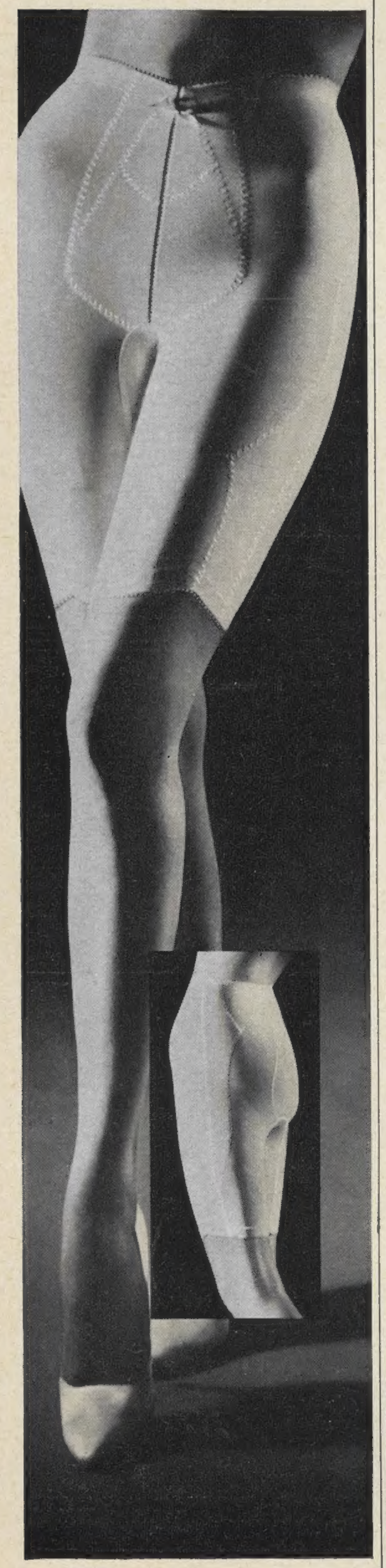
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Swing! a unique swing panel trims hip top in back. Slims thigh 1 3/4". Vanishes tummy. Weighs 4 ounces. 12.95 The Leisure Life Collection by

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VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 112-113; other views, yardages, details)



6154

Shown here: Two versions of "Easy to Make" Vogue Pattern 6154. Sizes 10 to 18. For size 14, the shift version requires 1¼ yards of 45" fabric. The drawstring version requires 1⅜ yards of 45" fabric, and 2⅔ yards of 35" China silk for the lining. Two additional versions of the dress are included in the pattern. Price: $1.50. In Canada, $1.65.



6154

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PENNA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4042, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONTARIO. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10¢ FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS PLEASE ADD SALES TAX.

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1st: Note the VOGUE *issue date, page number, name of advertiser.*

2nd: Call telephone number in listed city *nearest* you (stores for many miles around cities are listed with operators).

3rd: Give operator issue date, page number and advertiser's name, she will tell you what stores in your area have the advertised merchandise.

Note: *Only* advertisements showing phone symbol are listed. FASHION WHEREABOUTS in VOGUE will answer *your call* 7 days a week, 24 hours a day.

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Phoenix	279-1370
Arkansas	
Little Rock	FR 5-5494
California	
Los Angeles	651-4612
San Diego	239-4516
San Francisco	GA 1-7191
Colorado	
Denver	244-3136
Connecticut	
Bridgeport, Norwalk, Stamford see New York, White Plains	
Hartford	247-7229
includes Springfield, Mass. includes New Haven	
Delaware	
Wilmington see Philadelphia	
District of Columbia	
Washington	District 7-8668
Florida	
Jacksonville	356-4401
Miami	377-2977
Georgia	
Atlanta	233-0885
Hawaii	
Honolulu	571-063
Illinois	
Chicago	236-3580
includes Gary, Indiana Hammond, Indiana	
Indiana	
Indianapolis	Melrose 6-6883
Gary, Hammond see Chicago	
Iowa	
Des Moines	243-8758
Kentucky	
Louisville	584-7998
Louisiana	
New Orleans	525-7866
Maryland	
Baltimore	PL 2-3914
Massachusetts	
Boston	HA 6-1550
Fall River see Providence, R. I. Springfield see Hartford, Conn.	
Michigan	
Detroit	961-7116
Minnesota	
Minneapolis-St. Paul	332-1890
Missouri	
Kansas City	LO 1-0013
St. Louis	CE 1-2514
Nebraska	
Lincoln	432-1336
New Jersey	
Newark	642-4967
New York	
Albany	463-4690
Buffalo	854-4055
New York City	LT 1-3879
Garden City, L. I.	PI 6-4144
White Plains	WH 9-9111
includes Bridgeport, Norwalk, Stamford, Conn.	
Rochester	CH 4-0400
Ohio	
Columbus	221-3544
Cincinnati	621-3375
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Oklahoma City	CE 5-4286
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